

LIFE



DEPOSED

1914 MOON Light Weight Six-50

Standard

Torpedo, 4-Passenger
Touring, 5-Passenger
Price, Complete

\$2,150

Streamline

4, 5, 6 or 7-Passenger
Price, Complete

\$2,250

All cars fully
equipped including

Delco

Electric Lighting,
Cranking and Ignition
with automatic
spark advance.

How Would You Better This Car?

- ☛ You've got to judge a car by its parts and by the way those parts are *blended* into a whole.
- ☛ Now, here are the main part features of the Moon Light Weight Six-50.
- ☛ The Continental Motor Company build the Motor. It is the best they can build, their latest product and built especially for us. You know what "Continental" stands for.
- ☛ This motor is built to embody the *Delco* Starting and Ignition system. Can you suggest a superior system?
- ☛ Then, the motor is built to take our tire pump—an up-to-date car without a tire pump would be a good deal like a Solid Vestibule Train without a Dining Car.
- ☛ We use the four speeds ahead and reverse Warner Transmission—can this unit be improved upon?

Note These Moon Features

Easy Drive Features

Left-hand drive and center control.
Four speeds ahead and reverse with direct on third.
Instrument board under cowl.

Appearance Features

Extremely large doors.
Special wind shield designed as part of cowl.
Clear running boards.
Gasoline tank and tire carriers in rear.
Low swung body.

Comfort Features and Conveniences

Both front doors opening—extremely large.
Our own type of Dutch upholstery, "fits the back."
Disappearing seats.
Motor tire air pump.
Moon springs—they take the bumps out of roads.
Yale lock on switch control, locking car against theft. Portable light.
Gauge on gasoline tank.

Note the Names of Parts Makers

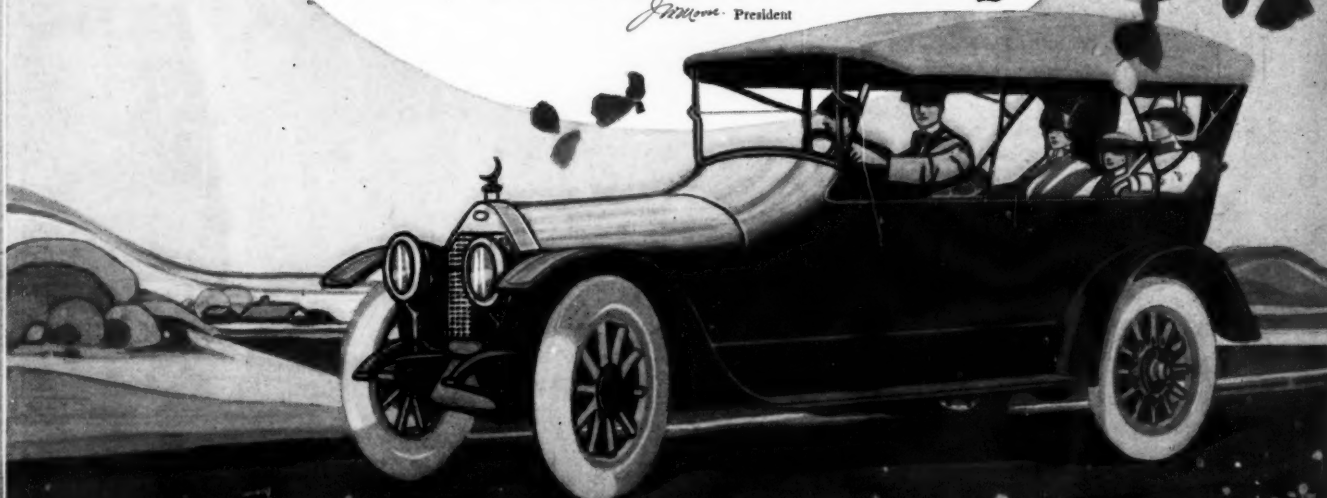
Continental Motor Mfg. Co. makes the engine.
Delco electric lighting, cranking and ignition.
Timken bearings.
Spicer joints.

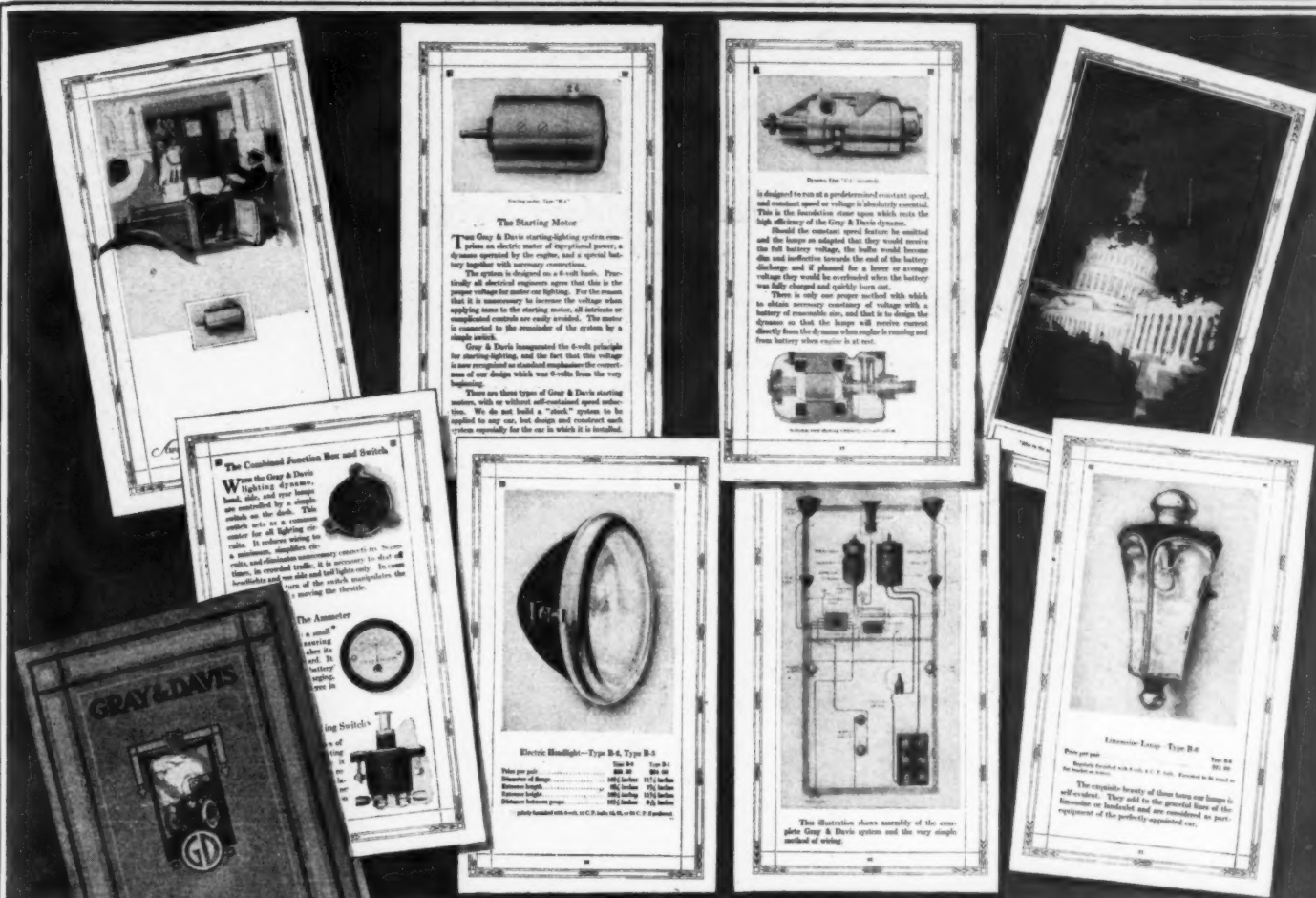
Brown-Lipe differentials.
Parsons white bronze in crank shaft bearings.
Warner transmission.
Collins curtains.
Moon Construction.

After reading—can you say anything but "Moon"?
Send for handsome catalog of Light Weight Sixes—it is free.

The Moon Dealer in Your City
will gladly demonstrate Moon quality. If there is no Moon man there, write us
MOON MOTOR CAR CO., St. Louis

J. H. Moon - President





Send for this Book on Automobile Starting and Lighting

A 48-page book which tells in plain language all about electric starting and lighting. It gives necessary information of value to every motorist, and is beautifully illustrated in color. If you intend purchasing a car, get the facts concerning electric equipment.

If you now own an automobile you'll be interested in the Gray & Davis system and you'll enjoy the story of how starting-lighting systems are made.

But perhaps your interest in motor cars is more technical. If so, you will be particularly pleased with the diagram showing the entire system placed on a chassis, illustrating clearly the inter-relation of all units and the simple system of wiring.

If you require lamps—better illumination for the car you now have—this book shows and describes the famous Gray & Davis lamps.

The information in this book is based on 18 years of specialization in the production of automobile equipment. It comes from the designers and builders of the first practicable electric lighting system for motor cars. Free on request. Be sure to send for your copy.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., Boston, Mass.



GRAY & DAVIS



STARTING - LIGHTING SYSTEM



The Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting System will be found on leading cars in every price class.

Twenty different manufacturers have adopted Gray & Davis lamps as standard equipment.

The Gray & Davis 6-volt Starting-Lighting System was designed and is built under the supervision of one of America's leading electrical engineers.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



*What's This Man Hanging
Around For?*

He is waiting for the Humorous Number of LIFE which is coming on Tuesday, April 14th. Ten cents. At all news-stands.

We Never Expect

To issue another Humorous Number. To get the material for this wonderful number has taxed all of our resources. Real Wit and Humor are like radium. That is why all the present numbers are so dull. Next week's issue is full of poor things. Others will be announced later. That is the way it will be until April 14, when the Humorous Number spreads a warm, circumambient glow over the face of the earth.

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

SPECIAL OFFER—THREE MONTHS—ONE DOLLAR

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

40

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street New York

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)

The Easter Number

Coming week after next, by the way, is 25 cents. We do this only twice a year, Christmas and Easter. This number on April 2 will be a large, wonderful double number.



This is our patent trap for catching new subscribers. We make the unhappy victim give up one dollar for a three months' subscription (see the immodest coupon opposite, placed on this page against our will), or if he is a particularly mean man we make him pay five dollars for a year.

Make This a Canoe Summer

Warm days and moonlit nights are coming, with picturesque streams and placid lakes for you to explore. Get the prettiest of nature's views—get solitude, pleasure and rest—get an



"Old Town Canoe"

Staunch, swift, safe—graceful designs. Send for our catalogue and learn all about canoes. 4,000 in stock. Agents everywhere.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.

1333 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



DIVORCED, BUT ONLY FOR FORTY DAYS

Who Killed King Highbrow?

"WHO killed King Highbrow?"

"I," said the Magazine. "I did it with my careless exploiting and my offensive uplifting articles which made everybody thoroughly disgusted. I killed King Highbrow."

"Who saw him die?"

"I," said the Turkey-Trotter, "with

Dreer's 1914 Garden Book

New Flowers
you will wish to try will be found in its pages.

New Vegetables
you will want in your garden are there also. Cultural instructions for growing everything worth growing, by well known experts, will make gardening easy even for the novice.

Over a thousand photographic illustrations and 10 color and duotone plates.

Mailed free to any one mentioning this publication.

DREER'S SUPERB ASTERS — The finest strain, either for garden decoration or cutting. Packets contain enough seed to produce more than one hundred plants. Made up of eight beautiful colors. Ten cents per packet. DREER'S GARDEN BOOK with each order.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"What Shall I Do?"

Some day you must face this question—perhaps tomorrow. An accident happens, a bad cut, a jagged wound, a rusty nail thrust, any one of a thousand things—you know if it is not quickly attended to it will become inflamed and the danger of blood poisoning then becomes a vital, personal one. In every such emergency your first thought should be

Dioxogen

Better to apply it a thousand times when there is no real danger than to go without it once at the critical moment. The best and cheapest *insurance* you can buy is a bottle of Dioxogen.



Why Dioxogen?

Because it is the one pure Peroxide of Hydrogen. It purifies by setting free Oxygen—nature's own greatest purifier.

Ask for Dioxogen by name and protect yourself against common, cheap peroxide, containing Acetanilid as a "preservative." Think carefully when you see Acetanilid on a bottle—the Government prohibits its use unless the exact quantity is plainly stated on the label. It is used to make cheap peroxide KEEP—but it also makes it rank and gives it a disagreeable taste and smell.

It is important that you ask for Dioxogen BY NAME

The Oakland Chemical Co., 98 Front Street, New York

Dioxogen is always sold in a sealed container for your protection. See that this container is sealed when you buy.

my Castle Walk and my Lane Duck, and my midnight tergiversations and other gyrations, I saw him die."

"Who caught his blood?"

"Not I," said the Practical Business Man, "because, between you and me, he isn't in it. A pale and useless and contemptible creature who thinks he knows more than I do."

"Who'll make his shroud?"

"I," said the Reporter, "with my vulgar head-lines and my low-minded efforts to use the English language in

such a way as to perpetuate the worst of it. I'll make his shroud."

"Who'll toll the bell?"

"We," said the Baseball Fan, the Golf Player, the Adventurer, the Gambler and the Advertising Writer. "We'll toll the bell, because he is a fakir and a tiresome phrase-maker; we'll toll the bell."

Then all the real people, how they laughed as they said, rejoiced as they read, when, according to program, King Highbrow was dead.

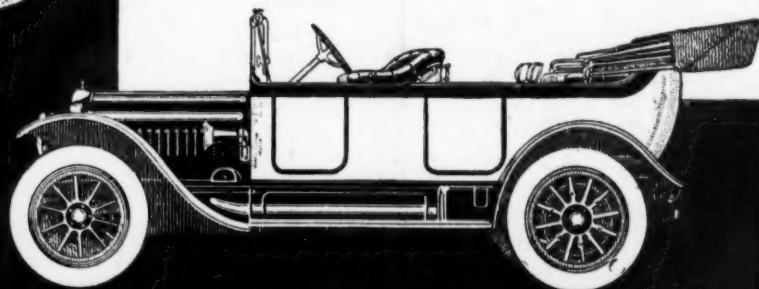


Wisdom

White Cars are preferred by those who believe that a car should endure for years to come, both in design and construction. Being obliged to trade every year or so, in order to have an efficient and up-to-date car, is both unnecessary and unfair. White Owners do not trade, because White Cars are designed and built—for keeps.

THE WHITE  COMPANY
CLEVELAND

*Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars,
Motor Trucks and Taxicabs*



Minerva advises
Bellerophon to abandon the
winged Pegasus for a White Six

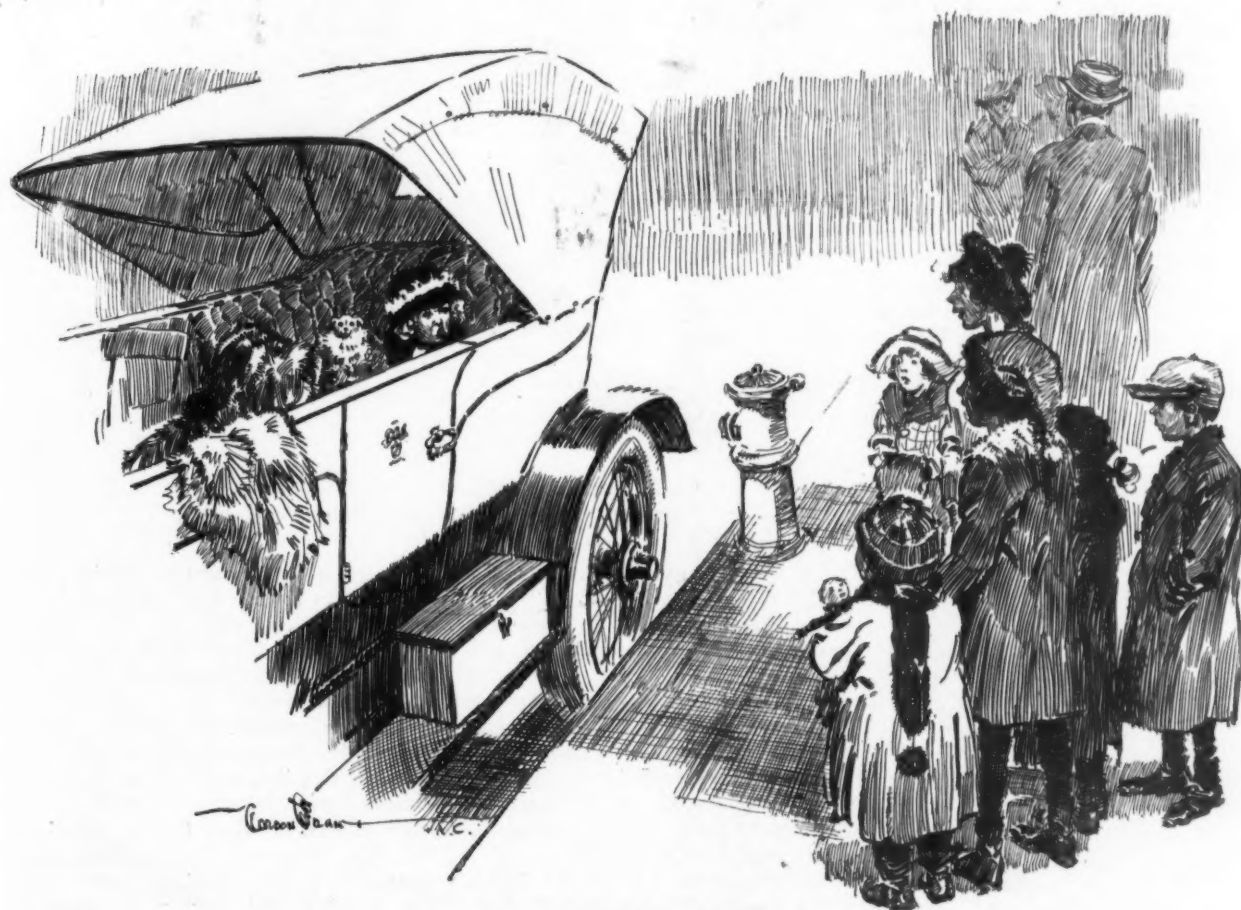
LIFE

Renunciation

A CHASTENED mood fair Phyllis shows,
For in her limousine bouquet
The violet supplants the rose;
Her evening gown, of saintly grey,
Is slightly less *décolletée*,
And modifies, to some extent,
The flash of hose discreetly gay—
Fair Phyllis is observing Lent!

For charity sweet Phyllis sews,
And churchward oft she wends her way,
Though now and then, of course, she goes
To *thé dansant* or cabaret:
And though at bridge she's known to play,
Her gains are to the orphan sent;
She smokes no more than thrice a day—
Dear Phyllis is observing Lent!

Corinne Rockwell Swain.



THE ARROGANCE OF WEALTH

Via America

THE news that Henri Bergson has at last been admitted to the French Academy must make us all pause and consider what are the true sources of greatness.

Starting a new philosophy in these days is no flying-machine, one-hundred horse-power ascent to certain glory. The initial cost of the advertising alone would make any incipient genius with no settled income pause upon the threshold and consider whether he is certain of paying back his friends who have kindly consented to back him. Professor Bergson had as much trouble with his philosophy as any hard-working and conscientious philosopher does in Europe in these days. He wrote humorous paragraphs for the press, and called attention to the fact that laughter is not the spontaneous thing that we who have been brought up on the *Congressional Record* and the editorials in the *Times* think it is. But the Gallic world passed him lightly by. At this point all seemed hopeless. America—that last resort of European literati—only remained; it being generally recognized that any philosopher who wishes to get started in life and begin to help pay his own board can always turn to America as a last resort.

And so Professor Bergson cabled



"WHERE ARE LADIES' WAISTS?"

"BETWEEN THE NECKWEAR AND HOSIERY, MADAM."



A RESTORATION

THE VENUS DE TANGO

over to the women of America and said:

"I have tried everything else to get on my feet. If I start something, will you back me up?"

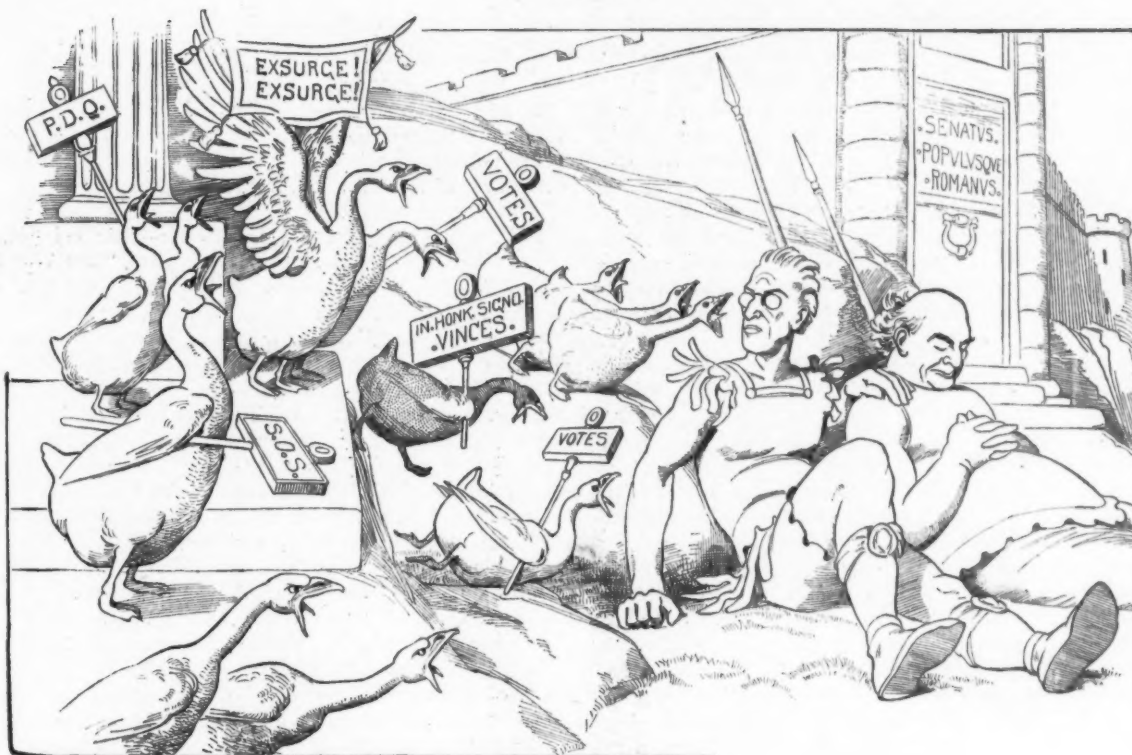
It happened at this particular moment that there was a lull in all high-brow circles hereabouts; no new fads had been developed for a couple of weeks; no new schools of thought had been put on the market. And so the women of America cabled back:

"Come at once; we need a brand-new French philosophy to talk about. Will frock and flock to hear you. Hysterics forever!"

The rest is history. Bergson became

the synonym for profundity. Under his treatment transcendentalism didn't know herself. Harvard fell. Feminism added more laurels to her high-brow. Pragmatism engaged board for the summer in a sanitarium. Woman's clubs everywhere erected trophies.

When the glorious news came back to France that Bergson had been pronounced a real philosopher, by the most select circles of East Orange and Montclair, there was great rejoicing. Thus the French Academy has a new member, and once again the Semitic intellect has come to its own with a proper share of the gate receipts.



ROMAN HISTORY

THE SUFFRAGE GEESE OF JUNO AROUSE THE GUARDIANS OF THE CAPITAL

Imaginary Conversations

"GOOD morning."

"Oh, good morning."

"Could I have a couple of seats for to-morrow night's play?"

"Certainly, sir. In what row would you like them?"

"Say in the sixth."

"Ah, yes, the sixth. How awkward. The manager has sold them to a speculator. But never mind. I will

make him get them back. Excuse me while I telephone."

"Thank you."

"Not at all. The manager says he would be delighted—that he lives only for his patrons. Here they are."

"How much?"

"Four dollars."

"And by the way, how is the play?"

"Just what the reviewers say it isn't. By arrangement with the advertising department they all praise it."

"Oh, I see. Then you wouldn't advise me—"

"Oh, you might come around and look it over. In case you don't like it, call the next day and I will refund the money."

"But does it pay you to do that? How can you make it pay?"

"My dear sir, we don't make it pay, just now. But in time we hope to, by dealing with everybody frankly at present. Thanks."



THEATRICAL ARITHMETIC

Notes on the Periodicals

IN the March *Century*, facing some most-as-good-as-Gibson girl-pictures by John Sargent, is an article by George Creel: "What Have Women Done With the Vote?"

He says, in effect, that they have helped to make some new laws in some States, retire two or three bad office-holders, and hold some offices themselves. The article is a good, hard, partisan screech for woman suffrage; hardly intended to add to knowledge, and without pretence of probing deep, or of dispassionate inquiry. It is a good enough newspaper or review article, but why include such a piece in a thirty-five-cent illustrated magazine, printed on expensive book-paper, along with pictures by Sargent, a frontispiece in color, and other costly embellishments?

It is obvious why the piece is put in. It is intended to make the pulse-throbs of the *Century* a little more perceptible to the reader's finger; to make the magazine a little more vital; to run a spur out of its main-track of literature which will connect it with the uplift and the immediate concerns of politics. The *Century* has never been quite as distinctly segregated from politics as *Harper's*, or even *Scribner's*. It has always inclined to take a hand in the political concerns of the living day. Literature has been its chief end, but ever since it began it has been disposed to do a little contemporaneous uplifting on the side. The two dispositions are not necessarily incompatible, and it combined them very successfully until the rise of *McClure's* bridged the gap between the monthly magazine and the Sunday newspaper, and demonstrated that there was a huge field and fair profits for a cheap periodical that made the immediate uplift its chief merchandise, and sold along with it a line of the liveliest literature that it could get.

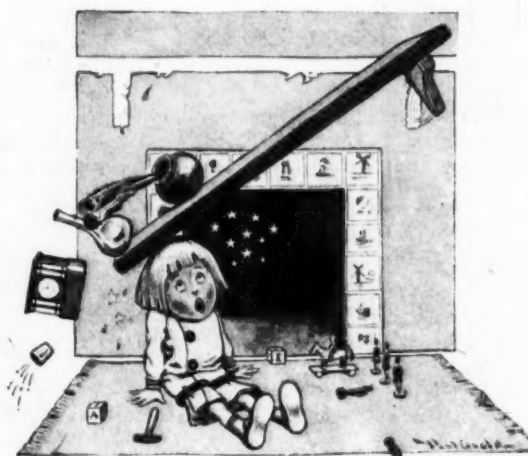
POLITICAL uplift pieces have a great deal of flavor. So long as the appetite for them lasts, ordinary literary pieces—travels, stories, poems, essays—are apt to taste flat. You can't blame any magazine editor for coveting a little of the hot-stuff from the newspaper side of letters. But there are proprieties that are dangerous to unsettle. Because a hot frankfurter is a fine repast on a sidewalk-stand, it does not follow that it will make a suitable dish at a dinner-party. The newspapers are sidewalk-stands and may serve frankfurters, but the thirty-five-cent magazines give a dinner-party once a month, and they who sit at their boards expect from them dinner-party dishes.

Mr. McClure never attempted to serve frankfurters at a thirty-five-cent entertainment. He put his provision of muck-rake on the table and banged his gong, and the multitude came, but the rate was only ten cents. Mr. Hearst serves frankfurters, we believe, in his magazines, and his magazines are said to circulate very handsomely,

but they are fifteen-cent magazines. We guess that frankfurters will never do well in the thirty-five-cent, or even twenty-five-cent, magazines. They have a bad effect on the flavor of the rest of the menu.

MR. CREEL'S piece was frankfurter—plain old "hot dog". Not so Mr. H. G. Wells's piece, "The World Set Free". That is a true enough dinner-party dish; quite crazy, like most of what Mr. Wells writes nowadays, but literary, amusing, with very interesting thoughts in it, and sufficiently connected with the uplift to delude and gratify the reader who has the uplift habit. Mr. Wells has the necessary talent to dress up frankfurter so that it is fit to appear on the thirty-five-cent dinner-table. It is probable that if we all got our dues Mr. Wells would be in jail somewhere, or at least on bail awaiting trial, for teaching bad morals. There is hardly a sound bone in the whole anatomy of his theory of life. The purport of his deliverances—*vide* "The Passionate Friends"—is that the world must be arranged so as to adjust life to the needs of people who have no character. He wants us all to be perfectly self-indulgent, faithless at convenience, and entirely comfortable. He pleads for a return to tomcatism and calls it the higher civilization. He collects charming and appealing qualities and bestows them on people to whom they don't belong, and whose traits and conduct are incompatible with the development of them. If we all got our dues, Mr. Wells would be in jail. But, happily, we don't all get our dues, and so long as he writes as well as he does, and has so lively and fruitful an imagination, we have to be glad that he is at large and able to contribute dinner-party uplift to thirty-five-cent magazines.

E. S. M.



"HIS FATHER'S MANTLE DESCENDED UPON HIM"



THE EPIDEMIC

Joined the Angels

MRS. MARY JOINEM, wife of our esteemed townsman, William Wood Knott Joinem, passed away last evening at her home, No. 400 Quality Street, a victim of chronic clubitis. The news of her demise comes as an expected shock to her intimate friends, who have realized for several years that she was, at all times, more or less clubatically intoxicated.

Mrs. Joinem was prominent in musical, literary, social and religious circles, and will be sadly missed by a large army of admirers, who followed closely in her footsteps, hoping to attain to the heights upon which she so majestically stood. As president of the Musical Club, vice-president of the Research Club, secretary of the Art Association and treasurer of the Civic Improvement Society, Mrs. Joinem did a great deal to encourage the development of intellectual ideals and establish an interest along artistic lines for the betterment and beautification of our city.

During the past two years she held the position of contralto soloist in the Swelldom Avenue Church. She was also a faithful teacher in the Sunday-school, and an enthusiastic worker in both home and foreign missionary societies.

The establishment of the Day Nursery and the Old Ladies' Home



"HERE! WHAT'S ALL THIS FIGHTING ABOUT?"

"WELL, I SAYS THE GIANTS HAS A BETTER TEAM THAN THE ATHLETICS, AN' HE SAYS I CAN'T PROVE IT, AN' I'M PROVIN' IT."



Barber: HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW OATMEAL SOAP?

"SEEMS NOURISHING; BUT I'VE HAD MY BREAKFAST."

is due, largely, to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Joinem. A few days prior to her death she received her appointment as one of the directors of the Girls' Industrial School at Safetown. This honor, added to that of secretary of the County Humane Society, which office she has ably filled for some time, is evidence of the esteem in which she was held by those in authority.

As a member of the Anti-Cigarette League, Associated Charities, Monday Morning Bridge Club and the Married Ladies' Whist Club, Mrs. Joinem contributed a great deal to the interest of the meetings.

Besides a husband, who has the sincere sympathy of the community in his accustomed loneliness, Mrs. Joinem

leaves a son, William Wood Knott Joinem, Jr., aged fifteen years, whose whereabouts are unknown, he having left home after a misunderstanding with his parents about two years ago, and a daughter Nellie, whose elopement with Mr. Noah Kount, last June, created quite an excitement in our city.

Mrs. Joinem had been engaged for some time in the preparation of a valuable book—"Loving Links in the Family Chain"—which would have been in the hands of the publisher soon.

Mrs. Joinem expired while presiding at a meeting of the Neighborhood Conversation Club, an organization of recent date. Her last words were, "Those in favor say Aye".

N. B. W.



Her Father's Voice: NOW REMEMBER, IF YOU DON'T PAY THE RENT BY TO-MORROW NIGHT I'LL PUT YOU OUT

The Call

SCENE—A small but opulent household in the West End. Maltby, the head (in name only) of the house, is sitting by the fire, evidently waiting for someone. He occasionally impatiently compares his watch with the clock.

MALTBY (*sotto voce*): He didn't say what railroad he is coming in on, or I would have met him. He certainly ought to be here by this time. (*The bell rings. He jumps up and makes for the front door.*) There!

(*The front door opens and his son, Jack Maltby, a tall, weather-beaten young fellow, enters, in rather homely clothes, worn as if they annoyed him. He has been "out West" for several years, living, as he has expressed it in*

his letters, "next to nature". The two men embrace.)

MALTBY: My boy! I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. How bully you are looking.

JACK: Where's mother—and Bessie?

MALTBY: They'll be in any minute, I suppose. They weren't sure just when you would be here (*his voice changing slightly*). I fancy they had an important engagement. They usually do have.

JACK: I couldn't tell myself just what hour I would come. How are they?

MALTBY: They're well.

(*Something in his father's voice suggests to Jack that there may be a cloud on the horizon.*)

JACK: What's the trouble?

MALTBY: I don't want to prejudice you in advance about your mother and sister, my boy—but I must warn you.

JACK: Warn me! What's up?

MALTBY (*tapping his forehead significantly*): It's here. Be prepared for a great change in both of them. They've got it bad.

JACK: What?

MALTBY: Highbrows. Maybe you haven't heard what that means.

JACK (*vaguely*): Well, not exactly. You see, I haven't kept up with things, living on the ranch. Is it serious? What do they do?

MALTBY: What *don't* they do? My boy, life is no longer possible with two



A EUGENIC WEDDING

IF PHYSICAL PERFECTION IS THE PRIME FACTOR, WHY NOT MAKE IT MORE EVIDENT?

women like that. (*Lowering his voice.*) Did you ever hear of Feminism?

JACK: No. What the devil's that?

MALTY: God knows—only they've got it. And that isn't all they've got. I should say that most of the fool women in this country were affected by it.

JACK: Is Bessie in it? She used to be so sensible.

MALTY: She's worse than your mother. She has what she calls the new "individual freedom". It's a kind of combination of the community instincts and absolute irresponsibility which enables her to obey any idiotic whim she pleases, because it is, as she says, in response to a higher law. She is liable to get up at two in the morning and set the house on fire.

JACK: Poor girl!

MALTY: And what do you suppose your mother says? She says that male creatures like you and me will be gradually eliminated; that a new element is

rising, which will supplant man—oh, my boy, they are clean dippy!

(*At this moment there is the whir of a car, the front door is thrown open, and Mrs. Maltby and her daughter enter. Obeying a primitive maternal instinct, still lingering, Mrs. Maltby throws her arms about Jack.*)

MRS. MALTY: Oh, Jack! (*Hugging him violently.*) I am simply overjoyed to see you. We weren't sure that you would be here to-night, and we had such an important engagement. How big and strong you have grown!

BESSIE (*kissing her brother rather nonchalantly*): It seems too good to see you, Jack. You look rather distinguished in spite of your odd clothes. I must take you around and show you off. We had a simply grand meeting to-night!

JACK: What happened?

BESSIE: A soul experience meeting. Perhaps you haven't followed Bergson; well, you must really know him to

understand this. Of course, this meeting is a distinct advance on Bergson. It is what I call the higher harmony (*turning to her mother*). The Swami says I do it best of all.

MRS. MALTY (*proudly*): Your abandon was wonderful.

JACK: What happens when you get through?

BESSIE (*raptly*): Everything. Your soul floats. Think of it, mother. I can see by Jack's face that he knows nothing of the new movement. Do you, Jack? Really, it isn't silly. It is one step more toward the ultimate perfection.

JACK: Well, I've been out in the woods, away from everything—cooking my own meals, living like an Indian. Haven't read a paper, even. It's new to me.

MRS. MALTY (*to her husband*): Think of it! He has missed all the wonderful new world movement.

MALTY (*who, to keep peace in the*



TOUGH ON A MAN WHO'S IN TRAINING

family, and for other reasons, acquiesces in everything his wife and daughter do, so long as it doesn't actually interfere with his own material plans): Yes, yes, how sad! (*Winks secretly at Jack.*)

BESSIE: Mother! It is time! We must follow those instructions. The Swami was quite particular.

MRS. MALTBY: Oh, Jack, will you excuse me for just a few moments? We will be back shortly. (*They vanish upstairs.*)

MALBY: Oh, my boy, this is simply nothing. Just wait till you've been here a week or so, and the thing actually begins to get on your nerves. First, it's cycles, then it's throwing bombs, then it's the new higher twaddle, a school of art, a brand-new stock of vibrations, a color scheme applied to the auric envelope, a system of philosophy, and—God knows what!

JACK: I get you. A fellow was telling me something about it on the train. I didn't suppose it was so close to home. I thought it was some other women—just small groups of old girls in our big cities who had nothing better to do than work off their feelings. Father!

MALBY (*gloomily*): Well, son?

JACK: Here is the difference between you and me. I am more than sorry for you because you have to

stay—but I don't. I've seen enough! I'm going back to the ranch.

MALBY: Back? Where?

JACK: No new woman's movement for me! Me for the woods again. I'll start to-morrow.

(*At this instant his mother and sister suddenly reappear, having done their orisons.*)

BESSIE (*rapturously*): Mother, did you hear Jack? He's going back—to the woods—to the free, untrammelled woods, where one can walk barefoot on the earth without drawing a crowd—Heavenly!

MRS. MALTBY: Jack! I feel that you do right not to stay. It is the free life of impulse that we must *all* lead.

BESSIE (*still intent*): Mother! Did you hear Jack? Do you not see the significance of his coming at this instant—it is a divine call for *us*. Come, get ready! Remember that we must put into action every vibration that comes. Jack, mother and I will go back with you! Think! Close to nature!

MRS. MALTBY (*inspired*): I am ready. We'll start at once. We must, as you say, obey our every feeling.

JACK (*alarmed*): But—

BESSIE: We start to-morrow. You will be our guide.

JACK (*paralyzed*): But you wouldn't like it, I assure you. I—

BESSIE (*embracing her mother while Maltby in the background grins triumphantly at his son*): It is our duty. Remember, Jack, it is the only thing that we haven't yet tried.

JACK (*making for the door*): Never! Good-bye! You'll never catch me! Poor old dad! I'm sorry for you. Me for the backwoods, forever!

(*Vanishes.*) T. L. M.

By Proxy

MAUD: Caroline is a great woman of fashion.

BEATRIX: Does she neglect her children?

MAUD: Oh, no! She hires nurses to do it.



"DEAR MRS. GRASS, I'M REALLY OLD THO' YOUNG IN YEARS."

"DEAR MISS POLLY, I'M REALLY ONLY A BOY IN FEELING."

Outward Bound

THEY were both leaving, and ran up against each other. The way was dark, and they had been so blinded by too much publicity that they could not see. She spoke first:

"Where are you going?"

He replied disconsolately:

"I've been barred out. It hardly seems possible, because I thought I was a fixture. I've been a popular favorite so long that I did not realize, after all, that they were only tolerating me."

She smiled sympathetically.

"Now I recognize you," she replied, "you poor old After-dinner Speech. No wonder you resent it. But think of me! In the midst of my own atmosphere, without the slightest shadow of reason, I have to get out also. It seemed to me as if I would always at least be a part of the people. But recent events on the stage, pulpit and in literature have determined otherwise. And so, my friend, I, too, am going."

He looked at her keenly, as they prepared to go out together.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Now I recognize you. And so you are Shame!"



"ORA PRO NOBIS"



SNAP-SHOT OF THE BOY WHO CHECKS THE HATS AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT

Notoriety and Fame

SAID Notoriety to Fame:

"You may be great; but, just the same,
I am a bigger man than you
And make much more disturbance, too.
Year after year you work away
To do what I do in one day.
I cut one of my startling capers
And get first page in all the papers,
While you get half a line, when dead,
In some old musty book, unread."

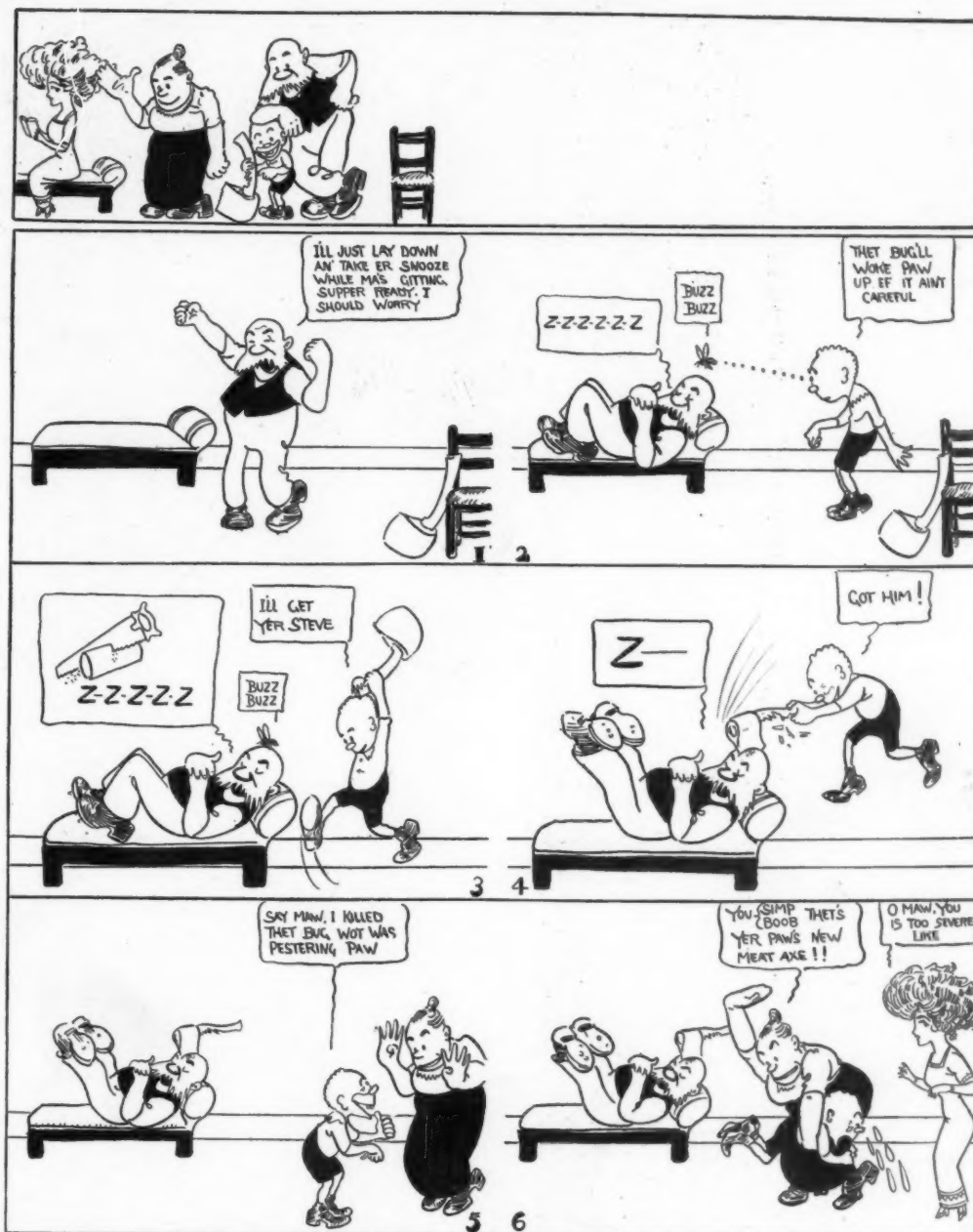
Walter G. Doty.

Red Tape

RED tape is the bulwark of inferior minds. Language is said to conceal thought; red tape paralyzes action. Politicians use red tape to create offices; without it, government would be so simple that everybody would understand it.

If you would accomplish big results, look not upon the tape when it is red.

BOBBIE: Come on, Aunty, we'll go in the last car.
AUNTY: Oh, no, Bobbie. The last car is dangerous.
"Well, why don't they leave the last car off?"



THE KOMIKAL KID

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Scandinavian, North and South Poles)

With apologies to all Sunday Supplements.



A HINT IN TIME

A.B. WALKER

IT IS WELL TO KNOW HOW TO DRESS FOR THE VISIT OF THE INCOME TAX COLLECTOR



"HEAVENS! I REALLY MUST GET MORE EXERCISE"

The Age of Wigs

PURPLE heads are beginning to bloom hereabouts. In London they have become prevalent at fashionable parties. Not only purple, indeed, but all the other colors of the rainbow.

It seems, therefore, that the age of wigs is upon us. In 1760 headdresses had reached such proportions as to be considered dangerous. It was almost impossible to caricature them. Are we now about to reproduce these follies—and reproduce them in colors? If so, has this reproduction anything to do with the forward movement of feminism? Does the increasing size of a woman's headdress, in terms of purple, red or green, indicate a proportionate expansion of the interior?

WIFE (tearfully): John, cook is going.

HUSBAND: When does she abdicate?

Failures

"**S**TAND up, Julius Cæsar. Didn't you have fits?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Weren't you bald?"

"I was, your honor."

"A dyspeptic?"

"I was."

"Didn't you write your commentaries for political effect?"

"I did, your honor."

"Thereby proving yourself without character. Below normal weight?"

"I was, your honor."

"Then step over there with Napoleon, Alexander, Hannibal, Newton, Charlemagne, Kant, Pope, William Pitt and William of Orange."

"What's the matter with them, your honor?"

"Matter enough. They are all defectives. They've failed to pass our tests."



The Meanest Crime

THE assassin who shoots you in the back does a cowardly thing. But he does it frankly as an enemy, and he takes chances of punishment. He knows there are legal penalties for that kind of murder.

But when a doctor in a hospital tries his latest "discovery"—a surgical trick, or the injection of a fatal disease into a confiding patient—he does it, not openly as an enemy, but pretending to be a friend. Unlike the assassin who shoots you in the back, he has no fears of punishment. He is doubly safe, because he selects his victims among the poor, the sick, the helpless.

Such victims, always the weak and friendless, whose only hope is in health and strength, are indeed fortunate if they escape with no more diseases than when they entered.

No law protects them.

There is no punishment for this meanest of crimes.



LIVING ON THE FAT OF THE LAND

Feminist Contest

FOR the best article on Feminism in five hundred words or less, *LIFE* will pay three hundred dollars. The contributions as they are received will be passed upon and such as are accepted for publication will be paid for at five cents a word. The one which the editors of *LIFE* consider the best of all the contributions accepted will receive the prize of three hundred dollars. The competition begins at once.

The accepted manuscript will be published in the Feminist Number of *LIFE*, to be issued the first week in June, 1914. This number will present the case for and against Feminism from *LIFE*'s own standpoint.

The conditions of the contest are as follows:

No manuscript shall exceed five hundred words in length.

Any number of manuscripts on the subject can be sent in by one contributor.

The name and address of each contestant should be placed upon the manuscript, which preferably should be typewritten.

All those manuscripts which are not acceptable will be returned, if accompanied by postage.

The contest will close on Saturday, May 2nd. No manuscript received after noon on that date will be considered.

All contributions should be addressed to the Editor of *LIFE*, 17 West 31st Street, New York City; and "Feminist Contest" should be put in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered as belonging to the contest.

Control

A non-drinking man is the master of his own time.

Samuel G. Blythe.

WE agree with Mr. Blythe in his advocacy of abstinence, but we dispute his statement herewith. No man in these days is master of his own time, especially if he is married and has to earn his own living. What Mr. Blythe means is that a non-drinking man is controlled by things that may be better than alcohol. We guess he is.



MARCH 19, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 63
No. 1638

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by
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IT always seemed to us that there was a fair case for the provision to remit canal tolls, which President Wilson has begged Congress to repeal. Senator O'Gorman says that Mr. Taft, Mr. Philander Knox and Mr. Richard Olney have been of that opinion. Mr. Underwood thinks so, and his view carries weight. But how many of these gentlemen who have held this opinion have been willing to arbitrate it? When we make a treaty, do something the other party says is a violation of it, and reply that we are ourselves the only judge of that, our position is bad. Mr. Taft was in favor of arbitrating this toll matter. That is what might well have been done long ago. Now the quickest way out, since speed is wanted, is the way Mr. Wilson suggests, to "reverse our action without raising the question whether we are right or wrong".

Mr. Wilson intimated in his address to Congress that we need the good will of the neighbors in our foreign affairs, and had better qualify without delay to deserve it.

No doubt we do; no doubt we shall need much forbearance and patience from foreign offices as long as our State Department continues to be the office of Mr. Bryan. Professor Moore's resignation emphasizes our dependence on the Lord and the benevolent in our diplomatic concerns. The administration had to have Mr. Bryan. He is the great medicine-man of a large tribe, and it had to have his medicine. It has had it in good measure, to its

profit. The American people is responsible for Mr. Bryan. It was they who made him an indispensable power in Democratic affairs. We don't believe his medicine will make them so sick but that they will recover, though it may give them a scare, and perhaps a chill. If Mr. Wilson could have appointed Mr. Bryan Chief Justice instead of Secretary of State, that might have been better, because there is plenty of ballast in the Supreme Court. But that was not practicable. Mr. Wilson did right as we see it. It was logical that Mr. Bryan should be Secretary of State and that we should now be working through a difficult foreign crisis with a Secretary in whose training, experience and mental capacity for his job very few responsible citizens have any confidence. His real employment is to persuade Congress to back the President. In that he is good. As long as he can do that he will continue, no doubt, to hold his present office, no matter what it costs.

Mr. Bryan's critics think just about the same of his mental equipment as they always did, but they think better of his character than they used to. He has shown fidelity. He has tried faithfully to help another man do an important work that he approved. People hardly thought it was in him to do that.



EVERY little while something happens to remind one of the story of the man who languished for fourteen years in a prison cell, until one

day an idea struck him and he opened the window and got out.

How does it happen that it has occurred to no one to suggest that we compromise with the Uplift by all turning Mormons!

What does the Uplift want?

The abolition of poverty, woman suffrage, Feminism, proper direction and protection of the feebler people by a strong central authority, a strong hand to make everybody do right according to prescribed definitions.

Mormon influence is strongest in Utah and Idaho. In those States women have had the vote since 1896. The prejudice in favor of continuing monogamous marriage, so earnestly deprecated by many Feminists, is at its faintest in Idaho and Utah. In the rural districts in those States one finds, we are told, a great deal of helpful economy in the domestic use of men, the maintenance and control of a husband being still divided very commonly among several women. Of course, this makes it easier for wives, and marital provision for the super-numerous women being comparatively simple, commercialized vice is probably much rarer than here in the East.



AS to poverty, the Socialists are right in holding that there is plenty enough of the necessities of life to go around if only you can make everyone work as you say and make something like an equitable division of products. The Mormon Church seems able to make the Mormons do about as it says. The church is a wonderful commercial and governmental organization. It takes tithes of its members, a method that makes the methods of our corporations seem primitive. We understand the Mormon Church has eight or nine hundred million dollars' worth of property, most of it productive, and including mines, factories and all sorts of business. Its leaders seem to be able. One of them, Senator Smoot, is a very leading and influential Republican in the National Senate. The church is rich, strong and competent.

Apparently it turns over its money to excellent purpose. It rules its people by a secret government which seems to be satisfactory to the governed. It receives all comers, so far as we know, and we hear no complaints about unemployed or starving Mormons.



IF nothing matters but that people shall be fed and lead healthy lives and have healthy children; if our prejudices in favor of the old religion and monogamous marriage and individual liberty, and manhood and womanhood and childhood and the home and the family as we have known them, are all "bunk" and old wives' tales, why don't we all join the Mormons, and achieve industrial and social regeneration, woman suffrage and the annihilation of white slavery all at one swoop and have good care taken of us ever after? Why should we sweat over so many theories, and fuss about laws to quell the railroads and curb the corporations, and soap-box about women votes and the comparative horrors of marriage and prostitution, and make junk of the Constitution to get the little children out of the mills, when here at hand, is a going



SHOWING HIS LINE

concern, of American invention and demonstrated practicability, that will take us all in as fast as we come and save us all further trouble and anxiety about this world or the next?

How dull we have been! Lo, this window opening into Utah, and here we dilly-dally and go to hear the Feminists debate!

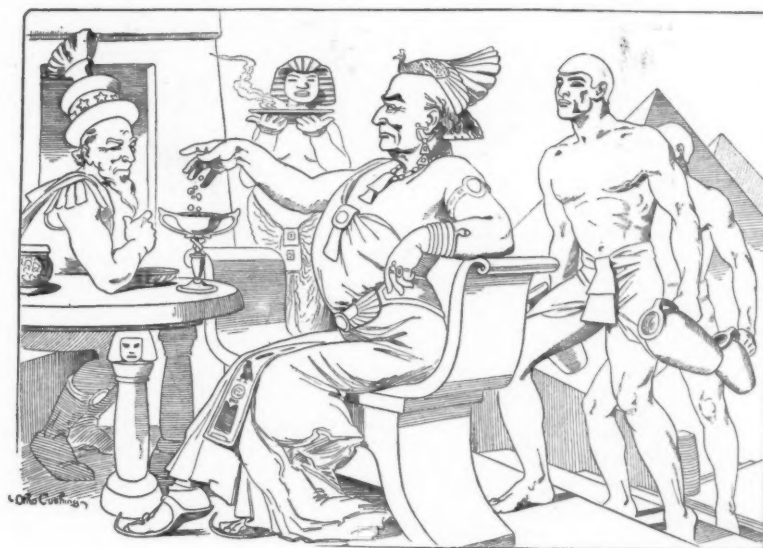
Come on, brethren! Come on, sisters! Come to the promised land of Utah, a Utah that shall stretch

from ocean to ocean; where all the old prejudices shall be extinct, and grape juice shall flow like water, and no man shall want for bread!



BUT probably it wouldn't do. The Mormon elders would be our bosses. That wouldn't suit the Uplift, nor the leading Suffragists, nor the I. W. W., nor any of our politicians, all of whom prefer themselves to direct our destinies, and make our laws, and have the spending of our surplus earnings. And there are those who maintain that civilization and government as we have practiced them these last hundred years have not been such a fizzle and are not so clearly obsolete as the new teachers assert, and that even our prevailing religion is sounder without the Mormon improvements.

But if we could induce the more obstreperous of the uplifters to join the Mormons and uplift them, that would be a real help. They wouldn't have so very far to go. What they would leave behind they don't seem to care for, and much of what they might get is in pretty close approximation to their expressed and suggested wants.



ROMAN HISTORY

CLEOPATRA DISSOLVING THE PEARLS OF TRADITION—IN GRAPE JUICE





The New Tooth



Faults of the Movies



NOT Uncle Sam, but the local government as represented by Judge Swan in one of the State courts, aided by a very sensible jury, has decided that there is a limit to

what may be shown in the moving pictures under the guise of teaching morality. Despite the endorsement of Mr. (or Dr.) Frederick Robinson, of that choice sheet known as the *Medical Review of Reviews*, of the so-called Sociological Fund and its committee with the Catt-Hapgood-Blatch-Milholland-Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont endorsement, the better sentiment of the community, as represented in its criminal courts, has decided that there is a limit to money-making under the guise of teaching morality.

This is well. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and now freedom of the stage, have been so much abused under our form of government that a little conservatism, as determined by the court, is quite in order.



LEAVING aside the spasmodic fondness of the moving-picture people for the money-making possibilities of the white slave films, there is room for a whole lot of improvement in the whole industry. The perfection that has come to the mechanical, optical and business end of the moving-picture business only emphasizes its deficiencies in other directions when one considers its as yet undeveloped possibilities as a tremendous factor in popular and profitable entertainment.

Artistic brains are needed in the moving-picture business. Almost up to to-day it has been a sort of side-show proposition, with side-show prices. Lately fine theatres have been given over to the movies, and there has been a considerable pretense at perfection of accomplishment. In any of our larger cities one may go to see moving pictures in all the comfort, orderliness and cleanliness of ordinary theatre-going.

Lately in New York there has been an effort to bring the industry up to the level of the regular theatrical entertainment. The daily newspapers carry advertisements and devote space in the way of editorial notice to the more important of these undertakings. It is becoming possible to know when and where certain notable films are to be seen.



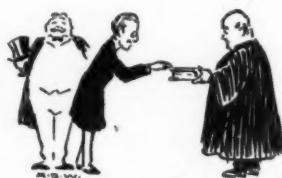
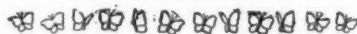
A HASTY inspection of some of the most notable of these displays indicates that, outside of the meretricious appeal of the films that deal with the criminal side of New York life, the main defect is a lack of brains in supplying artistic



"THEY HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS"

material, and slipshod methods in the way of presentation. The men who handle the films and throw them on the screens lack, very frequently, anything like the conscientiousness that makes for the important factor of illusion, and in very many cases there is an utter absence of the kind of brains that would make a film or films tell a closely connected and convincing story. The film-makers rely so much on their tricks; they know so well how easy it is to astonish the cheap mind with silly illusions that they ignore the vast possibilities of their medium if it were placed in competent hands.

LIFE hasn't yet established a moving-picture department. It may become necessary to do so when the moving-picture capitalists put their business on a basis where it enlists artistic brains to perfect what even now is a rather primitive form of entertainment, despite everything that science and mechanics have done to make it wonderful.



our over-muck-raked public.

"THE LAST RESORT" didn't last long enough to become a popular resort. It was a muck-raking drama with the appellate courts as its point of attack. Well acted, with a good cast, headed by Mr. George Fawcett, it came too late to interest "The Lion and the Mouse"

stole its thunder several seasons ago. Mr. Scarborough, who wrote this play, is also the author of "The Lure" and "At Bay". Here, as in those pieces, he shows that he has considerable ability in the way of melodramatic composition, but lacks originality and finish. It is entirely possible that some of our higher courts may be influenced by political bosses—in fact, LIFE has some suspicion that it was on one occasion made the victim of such a condition—but in pointing out the evil the author has used

the broad-axe rather than fine-edged tools. He also introduces a prison scene which is improbable almost to the point of burlesque.



MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR and Mr. Hartley Manners got tired of the monotony of success connected with the clever combination of their powers as author and interpreter shown in "Peg o' My Heart". As a relief from that monotony they have put on, for a series of matinées, a combination of three playlets written by Mr. Manners, and in each of which Miss Taylor has the leading part. They certainly show the versatility of both writer and artist. The first is a skit called "Just As Well", in which the lady lisps and the gentleman, as portrayed by that coming comedian, Mr. Hassard Short, stammers. This makes fun, as they are engaged to be married and squabble in their imperfect speech over outside flirtations. Finally, though, they conclude they would better marry each other, and thereby avoid the catastrophe of sending back the wedding presents already received.

The second piece, called "Happiness", has a trifle too much unimportant dialogue in its earlier scenes, but eventually gives Miss Taylor delightful opportunity once more to win the hearts of her admirers, this time in the rôle of a unique and joyously philosophical little milliner's maid who puts her blasé betters, admirably personified by Violet Cooper and Mr. Reeves-Smith, to the blush by her frank happiness in her very humble way of living.

"The Day of Dupes", a rather morbid allegory, displeases Miss Taylor's admirers, because it displays her as a courtesan who is abandoning her trade. If one can forget that the star need not necessarily be tied down to rôles of in-



A MATTER OF TASTE

"WAITER, BRING ME A FEW MORE STRAWS—NEVER MIND THE LEMONADE!"



ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR

nocuous innocence and can forgive certain faults of enunciation, it will have to be admitted that she gives a most interesting rendering of a difficult and unsympathetic character. Mr. Manners's sombre playlet doesn't seem to get anywhere dramatically or teach any new lesson, but with liberal hastening of the acting and a touch of the blue pencil it would be recognized as interesting, unusual and distinctly original.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Seven Keys to Baldpate." Mystery farce cleverly dramatized by Mr. George M. Cohan from mystery novel of the same title. Laughable in places and winds up with a joke on the audience.

Belasco.—"The Secret," from the French of Bernstein. Well acted, but not entirely pleasing, as the play is simply a character-study of a most unattractive woman.

Booth.—"Omar the Tentmaker." Oriental spectacle based on the quatrains and supposed life and love adventures of Omar Khayyam. Poetic, fanciful and well staged.

Casino.—"High Jinks." Girl-and-music show of considerable originality, dash and tunefulness.

Century Opera House.—Weekly presentation of a different one of the best-known operas, in English at popular prices. Fairly well done.

Cohan's.—"Potash and Perlmutter." Intimate and laughable study of the New York Jew engaged in the cloak-and-suit trade. Founded on the well-known stories of Mr. Montague Glass.

Comedy.—"Kitty MacKay," by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Comedy of Scotch character, very well written and very well acted, laughable and moving.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Miss Laurette Taylor's delightful impersonation of the lovable Irish-American girl who wins her way in the frigid surroundings of British society.

Eltinge.—"The Yellow Ticket," by Michael Morton. Melodrama of Russian life in its relations to one phase of the Jewish question. Interesting and well acted.

Empire.—Maude Adams in J. M. Barrie's "Legend of Leonora." Combination of comedy and burlesque, interesting and diverting, but not up to the highest standard of accomplishment of either author or star.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Midnight Girl." An unusually diverting girl-and-music show. Well sung and elaborately staged.

Forty-eighth Street.—"To-day." Common-

place drama of what purports to be New York life and characterized mainly by one vicious act.

Fulton.—"The Misleading Lady." Farce depending for its fun on the adventures of a cave man of our own time with a flirtatious young woman. Fairly amusing.

Gaiety.—"Along Came Ruth." Belgian comedy transplanted to New England. Reasonably amusing demonstration of the way a pretty business girl wakes up a sleepy village.

Globe.—"The Queen of the Movies." The moving-picture industry made the foundation for a tuneful and rather funny girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"The Rule of 3." Farcical comedy, slender in theme, but well done by a company headed by Katherine Grey. Enough entertainment to kill an otherwise stupid evening.

Hippodrome.—"America." Final fortnight of the Hippodrome's annual offering. Big, glittering and thrilling.

Hudson.—Margaret Anglin in Shakespearean repertory. Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl". Notice later.

Longacre.—"A Pair of Sixes," by Mr. Edward Peple. Notice later.

Little.—"The Philanderer," by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Shaw in his earlier style. Talky, but witty and paradoxical comedy well acted by English company.

Lyric.—Blanche Ring in "When Claudia Smiles". Mostly a clever and joyous woman dispensing good cheer by her buxom personality and likable songs.

Masine Elliott's.—"Help Wanted." A curious and somewhat interesting drama dealing with the temptations that might possibly beset attractive young female persons looking for employment as typewriters or stenographers.

Playhouse.—"The Things That Count." Sentimental little play of New York high life contrasted with New York low life. Clean and amusing.

Princess.—"Marrying Money," by Washington Paget and Bertram Marburgh. Notice later.

Shubert.—"A Thousand Years Ago." Fantastic and poetic drama of the Orient. Spectacular and well staged.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Too Many Cooks," by Mr. Frank Craven. Entirely clean, original and laughable little comedy of middle-class suburban life.

Wallack's.—"Grumpy." Very English melodramatic comedy, well done and with Mr. Cyril Maude's finished work in the title part.

Winter Garden.—"The Whirl of the World." The girl-and-music proposition in its most wholesale and elaborate form. Just the place to take your country cousin.

The Latest Books

THERE is nothing on earth so lost as a lost child. A lost dog, with its panicky and beseeching eyes, is bad enough. And a lost soul, shrieking as it sinks, is disturbing. But a lost kid, its crying dwindled to sobs, its sobs shrunk to mere catchings of the breath, and tears and molasses-taffy running side by side down its cheeks—the thing is past bearing. If needs must, one would even rise from one's Seat in the great Concert Hall where the Conductor is leading the Symphony of the Spheres and have the Music stopped while one found the stray's friends for it.

And, other things being equal (which they never are, as some one has wisely pointed out), it is in such a spirit—the spirit, let us say, of a kindergartner who has met a lost child, or of a reviewer who has found a strayed romance—that I stand holding a lost book by the hand and eagerly scanning the assembled faces in search of the friends to whom it "belongs". The book is called "Youth's Encounter" (Appleton's \$1.35). It is by Compton McKenzie, the author of "Carnival". And we will get to it in a moment via a short cut that looks like a digression.

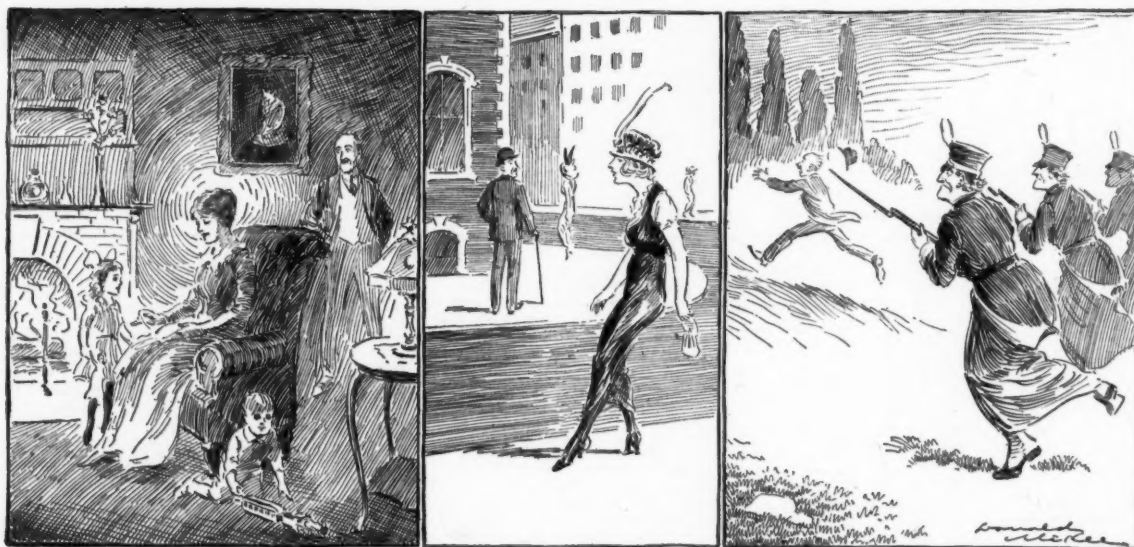
LITERATURE and metallurgy have ever been kindred arts—the one seeking to extract life's meanings from the flux of life; the other to extract pure metals from conglomerate ores. And until recently both have been forced, by kindred limitations, to equally wasteful processes—those of smelting only the richest and least recalcitrant deposits and of regarding as worthless because unprofitable the commonplace or low grade ores. And to-day both are in the throes of a revolutionary readjustment. Both have, in the last twenty-five years, had new horizons opened to them—psychological and chemical, spiritual and scientific, sociological and industrial. And both at this writing (with equally varying exhibitions of crack-brained enthusiasm and of sound, step-by-step development) are busy re-working the tailings of their ex-

hausted mines and running smelters on the output of discarded claims. The fame of the Treadwell Mine has long since gone round the world as the first convincing proof of the worth of metallurgy's new methods. And the fame of "The Old Wives' Tale", by Arnold Bennett, is slowly making the same circuit as the, as yet, one unquestionable masterpiece of literature's latest enlargement.

But there are countless experiments being made in both fields. And while, in fiction, these are often crude and always tentative, partial triumphs are constantly being scored, new territories are being opened, and incalculable treasure is gradually being brought to where, as the miners have it, it is "actually in sight". One of these experiments—never crude, although only partially successful—is "Youth's Encounter".

MR. MCKENZIE'S new novel offers us the story of a boy's life from about the age of seven to about the age of seventeen. It is written with all the newly gained realization of the richness and beauty to be found in the commonplace. And it is also written with all the new taking for granted of unlimited space in which to operate—with the instinctive disregard shown by all pioneers in all new countries for the claims of intensive cultivation. The mere fact that it fills five hundred pages with such a tale and never drops to real dullness is indicative of the book's distinction. Just as the fact that it never rises to incandescence is a signpost to its limitations. In the final summing up, "its picturesqueness", as a friend of mine expressed it, "fails to be picturesque". But it is full of beauties—and by no means always negative ones. It is evocative, in its simple setting forth of the mind and moods of boyhood and young manhood, of our forgotten selves. And it surprisingly builds up, bit by bit, a structure of charm, of realized personalities, and of quiet comprehensions. The busy man will have none of it. But there are many to whose leisure it will bring light, warmth and a quiet glow. This is written in the hope of enabling them to meet.

J. B. Kerfoot.



A MODERN HISTORY OF WOMAN

THE GOLDEN AGE

THE BRAZEN AGE

THE IRON AGE



Walter Little

MORE VOTERS

Confidential Book Guide

The Air Man, by Captain C. Mellor, C. E. Most of us wonder what it is like to fly. This diary of a beginner, simple as it is, almost succeeds in telling us.

The China Collector, by H. W. Lewer. The study of English porcelain succinctly outlined for beginners. A well made book, well illustrated.

Cobb's Bill of Fare, by Irvin S. Cobb. Half an octave of humorous essays, written in the key of after-dinner oratory, which run the gamut of guffaws.

The Curious Lore of Precious Stones, by George F. Kunz. A somewhat stony volume, both in the texture of the text and in actual avoirdupois. But a scholarly and comprehensive compilation.

Folk of the Woods, by Lucius C. Pardee. A fresh note in animal studies and in fairy-tale telling.

Graphics, by Harris Merton Lyon. Short stories, vignettes and visions, by a young American with the seeing eye and a sense of proportion.

The Happy Ship, by Stephen French Whitman. Seeing the world through the eyes of an American bluejacket. Kipling-esque yarns with a fine swing to them.

Here Are Ladies, by James Stephens. Stories and sketches by the author of "The Crock of Gold". Some bully work saddled with a banal title.

In Search of a Husband, by Corra Harris. The autobiography of a "wise" virgin. Facile cynicism studded with epigrammatic rhinestones.

The Joy of Youth, by Eden Phillpotts. The most joyous bona fide love-story of the season. A book full of good talk and the glamor of spring.

Magic, by G. K. Chesterton. A clever play in which the early Chesterton emerges from eclipse.

Memoirs of Li-Hung-Chang, edited by W. F. Mannix. Glimpses (had through selected extracts from voluminous diaries and notes) of the life and mental outlook of a great Oriental.

Youth's Encounter, by Compton McKenzie. See preceding page.

Mothering on Perilous, by Lucy Furman. A little book that gets the spirit of the Kentucky feud district by baring the hearts of some school-boys.

The Passionate Friends, by H. G. Wells. A novel full of story-interest and live thinking. All things considered, probably the season's book which digs deepest into the subconscious thought of the time.

To My Futurist Love

(Fashion declares that women shall wear pink and blue hair and paint their faces in various startling hues.)

HOW shall I praise thee in verses ecstatical,
Light of my Spirit and Queen of my Heart,
Lady of pulchritude polychromatical,
Ultimate triumph of Futurist art?
Time was I caroled of locks that were aureate,
Raved of your eyes that were limpid and blue,
Now though I sing with the skill of a laureate,
How can I properly celebrate you?

You with the hair that is blue or carnelian,
Purple or orange—according to styles—
Making a mock of the well-known chameleon,
Beating the spectrum by several miles;
Lips that are yellow and cheeks that are violet,
Eyebrows and lashes a beautiful pink—
How can I lilt them in ballad or triolet
When I have only one color of ink?

Druggists have raided the realms pharmaceutical
Seeking for pigments and powders and paint
Which would impart to your hair and your cuticle
Colors to make a kaleidoscope faint.
Yes, you are lovely—and yet I prefer to go
Far, far away from this Futurist guise;
Gazing upon you has given me vertigo—
Lady, you're fearfully hard on my eyes!

Berton Braley.



SISTERS

HIS OWN AND ANOTHER FELLOW'S

Opulence

LOUISE: Are they rich enough to afford competent servants?

JULIA: My dear! They're rich enough to afford dishonest ones.

What Do You Think?

We are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Desirable.

"The Dream of the Doctors' Trust"

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Crimes which have never been suspected hitherto are being disclosed by the inventive "Doctors' Trust". According to their present plans, it will soon be illegal to come into the world—without the aid of a doctor! It will also be considered prima facie evidence of crime if you die—without the aid of a physician! There are some disagreeable persons who have insisted, on the other hand, that it is prima facie evidence of crime when a citizen dies after receiving the attentions of a medical man. It is only charitable to point out, however, that those who make this charge may possibly be prejudiced.

But fancy starting life under the stigma of arrest for being born without a medical license! One may imagine, also, the humiliation of the departed when he realizes that there is a warrant out for his arrest, because he left without consulting a "regular" doctor as to the time and manner of his going.

In any event, our medical friends are seriously planning a benevolent despotism which would make all the historic tyr-

annies of ancient and modern autocrats seem like a lazy holiday in Elysium. Emerson's counsel, "Hitch your wagon to a star", is obsolete. The modern medical advice is to yoke yourself to the fraternity and "Let the Gold Brick Twins do your work". Medicine and its brother, Surgery, are preparing to enslave the population by means of an unlimited supervision and control of all the human activities that go to make up the individual life. This will be news to many who have placidly believed that in this country we have a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people". We haven't! It is a government of the doctors, by the doctors, and decidedly for the doctors.

W. S. M.

BOSTON, MASS.,
February 20, 1914.

From Delaware

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,
Dear Sir:

My attention has been called to an article appearing in a recent number of your publication, entitled, "Why is Delaware?" and signed "E. O. J." which is a bitter and unwarranted attack on this little State.

It is very true that we are small, but that does not prevent our having given a very good account of ourselves since the formation of the Union. Perhaps if it had not been for us there would not have been a Union, as Delaware was the first State to sign the Constitution, and, therefore, set the pace. If my memory serves me rightly, I think New York was one of the last to sign, and did so rather unwillingly. I admit that we haven't any large cities, but our population is a good deal more American than is New York's, particularly New York City's. Our State has always furnished more than its quota in time of war, and also many prominent men, among them being John M. Clayton, Thomas F. Bayard, Judge George Gray, Howard Pyle, etc., etc. We have not furnished a Sulzer, nor a Tweed, nor any others such as New York and other States have had to stand sponsor for. In fact, we have distinctly shown our antipathy to individuals of this type, as evidenced by our ejection of Addicks.

It seems to me there is no more reason for saying "Why Is Delaware?" than for saying why is anything else on this planet; and, for the matter of that, why, in the name of all interrogatives, question marks and exclamations, is "E. O. J."?

G. P. B.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,
February 11, 1914.

How Would You Select the Best Car?

If you were not limited by price, prejudice, or time, how would you choose it, and what would it be?

A St. Louis man recently investigated the matter in a logical, conclusive way.

His method was to question Chauffeurs. He would step to the curb and ask the driver of a waiting motor car which particular make ranked the highest, and why. Many chauffeurs, in charge of all kinds of cars, readily answered his questions.

As a result of his inquiries, he purchased a Locomobile. He bought it on account of its standing among well-informed and unprejudiced men.

The practical automobile driver recommends the Locomobile because it is safe to drive at speed. It is economical in fuel consumption. It is well-balanced and easy on tires. It is reliable—little trouble to maintain.

Chauffeurs like an up-to-date car as much as the owner. They like four speeds instead of three, just as they like six cylinders instead of four; they like the disc clutch better than the cone clutch, once used everywhere; most of them like left drive and center control instead of right drive.

Analyze Style as a most important matter. *The best car will be in the best taste and without conspicuous features.* Have you ever considered style in this way?

There is no label on the Locomobile. It is designed for the Owner and the usual conspicuous features tending to advertise the manufacturer at the expense of the owner are omitted.

Look for yacht-like effects, smooth body

surfaces without external door hinges or door handles. Spare tires should be carried at the rear to leave the running-boards clear.

Investigate Comfort personally. Never take the riding qualities of any car for granted. The Locomobile has been given preference in recent years because of its deep, soft upholstery, and easy riding.

Look into Safety. Give us the opportunity to show you why our car is particularly safe.

Do not overlook Service. The Locomobile idea is: Service Above Sales. Our chain of sixteen branch houses gives direct Locomobile Service throughout the country. Our limited output (not more than Four Cars a Day) enables us to build a better car by watching it more carefully during its construction. It also enables us to give more personal attention to owners.

Select your car because it has the most good points and the fewest bad ones. The best car must have the best chassis. Its comfort must be proven superior by comparison with other cars. Its appearance must be modish, but refined, to rank highest.

The more carefully you make your selection, the better it will satisfy us. We have such faith in the Locomobile that the more thorough you are in choosing the car, the more likely we will be to secure the order.

Our car is at your disposal to examine, test, and compare with all other cars.

*The Locomobile Company of America
Bridgeport, Conn.*



A Narrow Range of Choice

Sylvia, supple and slender, and Aunt Belle, bulky and benign, had returned from a shopping tour. Each had been trying to buy a ready-made suit.

When they returned home, Sylvia was asked what success each had in her efforts to be fitted. "Well," said Sylvia, "I got along pretty well, but Aunt Belle is getting so fat that about all she can get, ready-made, is an umbrella."

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Trick of the Trade

"Stop!" thundered the client at the barber, who was cutting his hair. Then, he continued, in somewhat milder tones:

"Why do you insist upon telling me these horrible, blood-curdling stories of ghosts and robbers while you are cutting my hair?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," replied the barber, "but, you see, when I tell stories like that to my clients, their hair stands on end, and it makes it ever so much easier to cut."

—*New York Staats Zeitung.*



A GOOD FELLOW IN THE MAKING
"HAVE ONE ON ME, OLD MAN"

Obedient Willie

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson.

"No," said the captain," he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a——"

The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still - Willie hesitated.

"Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Sign in the Snowstorm

Walking from Hope to Hayfield by a path over the moors, writes a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, I found the hills covered with snow.

A freezing east wind made things anything but pleasant. At one point I had to admit that I had lost my way, and it was with relief that I found a signpost. The inscription was blotted out with frozen snow.

I climbed the post, and with great difficulty and personal discomfort thawed the snow off with my already half-frozen hand, and succeeded in deciphering the inscription. It said: "Keep to the path."—*London Globe.*

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but social stationery
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a sample packet we
should like to mail
you & Ask us for it

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PAPER COMPANY
South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts



DAN LYNN

STARS

THE BIG DIPPER AND THE LITTLE DIPPER

HUDSON Six-40

Who Doesn't Want a Six?

If its weight is less, its price is less and its fuel cost less than any comparable car, who doesn't want a Six? Who wants to lose, and pay for losing, all the luxury of riding in a Six?

THE fact that men want Sixes is too apparent to dispute. All the high-priced cars have been forced to Sixes. And scores of other makers have had to capitulate to a demand which proved resistless.

At the New York Show, 54 exhibitors—out of 79—displayed Sixes for best. Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

At the Chicago Show, 67 exhibitors—out of 104 making cars above \$1,500—featured a Six for their best.

Never in motor car history was anything more apparent than this swing to Sixes. It is coming about faster than came the abandonment of one- and two-cylinder motors.

The Reason Is This

Men want to end vibration and that means continuous power. They want flexibility, want less wear on tires. They want to avoid changing gears in slow traffic, or in climbing any reasonable grade.

And they want this luxury of motion. They want this smoothness which seems like constant coasting.

The only men content without a Six are men who never rode in one.

The New Hudson Six-40 Takes All the Bars Down

Now the HUDSON engineers have taken from Sixes all that held men back.

Sixes were costly. Now the HUDSON Six-40 undersells all cars, whatever the type—size, power and class considered.

Sixes were heavy. Now the HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's Four—the HUDSON "37."

Sixes consumed extra fuel. Now the HUDSON Six-40 consumes one-fourth less than did our HUDSON "37."

Think of that. A longer car than our "37." A higher-powered car. A car with two extra tonneau seats. Yet much less weight and much less fuel cost.

And largely because of a new-type motor—a small-bore, long-stroke motor—which has solved the economy problem.

Buyers of cheap cars can't get Sixes as yet. But men who pay over \$1,500 will find everything—even economy—on the side of this HUDSON Six-40. And it won't depreciate like types which are going out.

A Beauty All Its Own

Then here is the Streamline body brought to artistic perfection. Note the flowing lines, unbroken at the dash. This type of body is the coming vogue. It is now the vogue in

Europe. But you will never see it brought out better than in this year's HUDSON Sixes.

And note below the new ideas in equipment. Note how many of these attractions make their first American appearance in this car.

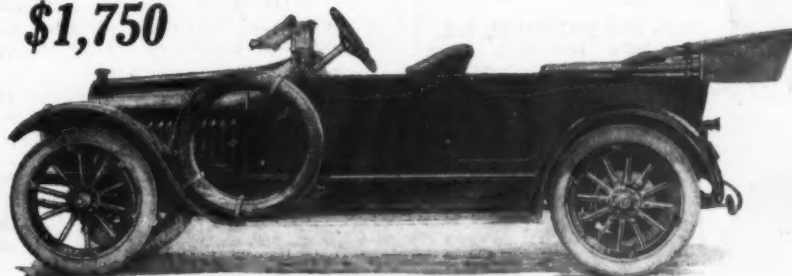
The Hudson Six-54

Our larger Six—frequently called the handsomest car of the year—has the same design and practically the same equipment. It is for men who want a big car—big in size and power. The wheelbase is 135 inches. The price is \$2,250.

Your local Hudson dealer has these cars on show. They are the year's sensations, and even now we are way behind on orders. Go see them—ride in them—then do what you think best. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book on 1914 cars in general will be mailed you on request.

HUDSON Six-40

\$1,750



Wheelbase 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One Man" top.

Quick-adjusting curtains.
Dimming searchlights.
Concealed hinges.
Concealed speedometer gear.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.

Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Price, \$1,750 F. O. B. Detroit.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, \$75 extra.
Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, \$1,950. (312)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7841 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Discriminating

Some time ago, a traveling man, waiting in a retail store in Richmond to speak to the buyer, said to an elderly colored woman:

"Aunty, what is the population of Richmond?"

"What's dat, boss?"

"I said, about how many people live in Richmond?"

"Oh, dat's what you-all wants to know. Well, boss, I don't 'zac'ly know, but I 'spects about a hundred and twenty-five thousand, countin' de whites."

—Everybody's.

In a Pinch. Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

An Indian Mutiny

"Mother, you know the way me an' Johnny Smith play I'm Indians an' he's soldiers?"

"Yes, dear; what of it?"

"Well, if I don't let him lick me every time we play, he says I aren't patriotic."

—Century.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail. 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ANOTHER good thing about babies is that they never go around telling the smart things their daddies said.

—Galveston News.



PRACTISE DEEP BREATHING

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. All weaknesses and ailments attributed to lack of exercise are usually due to shallow and incorrect breathing. The main value of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the Lungs. Learn to Breathe. Oxygenate your Blood and breathe out the Poison that now clogs your System.

Read my 64-page book, "Deep Breathing." Correct breathing clearly described by diagrams. Contains special breathing exercises and a mass of other valuable information. This treatise is the result of over twenty years of experience as a "Respiratory Specialist." Over 400,000 have already been sold. Endorsed by Medical Societies and Professors of Anatomy and Physiology. Accepted by the National Medical Library at Washington, D. C. Book sent on receipt of ten cents, coin or stamps.

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2078 Tower Building 110 W. 40th St., New York

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions and How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 128, Washington, D. C.



Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

No, experience isn't everything in tire-making. Neither is real rubber and neither is hand-workmanship. But the three, taken together, in Kelly-Springfield Tires and Tubes, cover just about every requirement that has yet occurred to the severest critics.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY

Cor. B'way & 57th St., N. Y.

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio

Hoss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.

South'n Hdwe & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.

Central Rubber & Supply Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Olmsted Co., Inc., Syracuse, N.Y.

Bering Tire and Rubber Co., Houston, Texas

Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

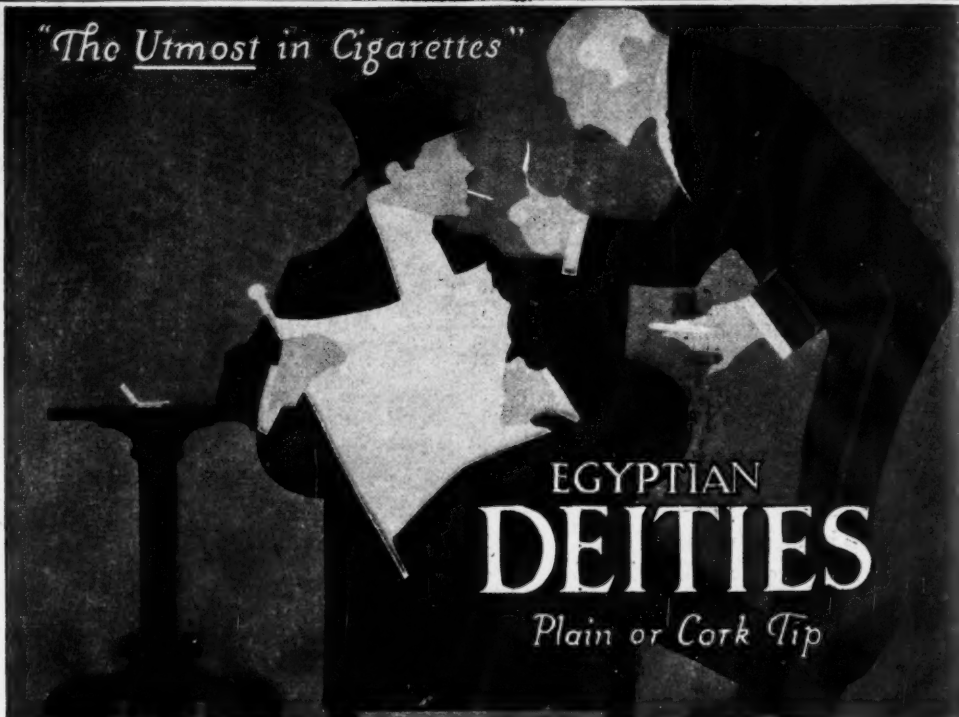
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.

Barnard & Michael, Buffalo, N. Y.

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"



EGYPTIAN
DEITIES

Plain or Cork Tip

Toil Not, Neither Do They Spin

A member of the Exchange Department has compiled this list of the Eight Easiest Jobs in the literary world:

Editor of the "Easy Chair", *Harper's Monthly*.

Writer "Caught in the Net" Department, *Popular*.

Compiler "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree", *Everybody's*.

Editor "Lexicographer's Easy Chair", *Literary Digest*.

Writer "Editorials", *North American Review*.

Scissor artist, "Editorial Notes", *Forum*.

Professional Cynic, "Literary Criticism", *The Nation*.

Assembler, "Light Verse", *Munsey's*.
—Kansas City Star.

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

"WHAT are you wearing that thing for?" asked Mrs. Gabb, when her husband came home with a band of crêpe around his hat.

"For your first husband," replied Mr. Gabb. "I'm sorry he died."

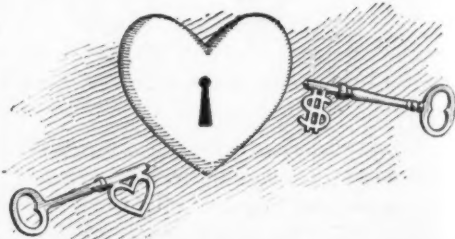
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A soft, rich whiskey with the flavor of an old vintage. Old fashioned distillation—ripened by age only.

Bottled in Bond

PEBBLEFORD
Old Fashioned
Quality
Kentucky Bourbon

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO.,
BOURBON, NELSON COUNTT, KY.



WHICH KEY?

Rhymed Reviews

Darkness and Dawn

(By George Allan England. Small, Maynard & Co.)

BING! Bang!—a wedge of monstrous girth,
Six billion tons or so, but plenty,
Was blasted out of shattered Earth
By Cosmic Force, in Nineteen-twenty.

And from our deeply wounded Sphere
Such noxious gases emanated
That everyone, or pretty near,
Was permanently suffocated.

But Allan Stern and Beatrice,
A simple maid in all her flower,
Were saved from such a death as this;
Immured within a lofty tower,

A thousand years, entranced, they slept,
While o'er Manhattan's best macadam
And asphalt roads the Jungle crept.—
They woke, another Eve and Adam;

But more conventional, by half,
Than that Ancestral Pair before them,
They got an ancient Phonograph
To read the marriage service o'er them.

An Engineer was Allan Stern;
His arm was strong, his brain was clever,
His heart was brave, and he could turn
His hand to any task whatever.

Conundrums that would stump the Sphinx
He answered readily and brightly.
He slew a horde of Missing Links,
For they were blue and most unsightly.

He found a dusty monoplane
And deftly set the thing in motion
And visited a sunken main
A hundred leagues below our ocean.

Upon its murky shore were men
And women, too—a backward nation;
He lifted them to light again
To start the Earth's repopulation.

So thus began, from Chaos won,
Our Golden Era, love-inspired.
I found this nonsense lots of fun,—
A fine, long yarn to read when tired.

Arthur Guiterman.

No loss of Accuracy through Changes in Temperature



CENTRIFUGAL force is an absolutely reliable means of *accurately* measuring car speed. It is constant, unvarying, in winter and summer, in high altitudes and low. It is this force that controls every movement of the

Jones Speedometer

Centrifugal Principle

Geared to the Truth

From hub to dial the Jones Centrifugal Speedometer represents one continuous, unbroken, metal-to-metal contact, through which the exact speed of the road wheel is directly passed up to the recording hand. It is literally geared to the truth.

Few Parts and Strong

The Jones Centrifugal Speedometer has no delicate hair springs or compensating mechanism. Its parts are few, simple and proof against the destructive effect of vibration.

It Is Read Without Effort

The indicating hand moves steadily over the clock-face dial, which is easy to read from any part of the car. Many other noteworthy

features, such as the instantaneous trip reset, give increased convenience.

Backed by a Service and Guarantee of Known Integrity

The H. W. Johns-Manville Company now control the selling and marketing policies of the Jones Centrifugal Speedometer. Johns-Manville Service Branches, in practically every principal city of the United States and Canada, are equipped to handle with expert efficiency all matters pertaining to adjustments, repairs and replacements. The J-M Guarantee Tag attached to each instrument is your assurance of satisfaction. When you specify Jones equipment you are assured of a principle giving absolute reliability and a Service that is established rather than promised. Write nearest Branch for booklet.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY

Brake Lining, Spark Plugs, Electric Lamps, Speedometers, Horns, Fire Extinguishers, Carburetors, Dry Batteries, Vaporizers, Auto Locks, Fuses, Tapes, Packings, etc.

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Johns-Manville Service Branches in 49 Cities assure Satisfactory Service to Jones Speedometer owners



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Washington
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Youngstown

The Canadian H. W. Johns-Manville Company, Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Thoughts of a Modern Young Woman

I'm taking up Bergson this week.

Next week I'm going to take up Etruscan vases and the Montessori system.

Oh, no, I haven't lost my interest in sociology.

Only last night we went down in the auto and watched the bread line.

Of course, one can take up *too many* things.

Concentration is necessary if the world is really to become bettered.

And it's the spirit in which you take a thing up that counts.

Sometimes I think the spirit in which you take a thing up counts more than the thing itself—counts in its effect on you, you know.

Of course, the way to get the real meaning out of anything is to put yourself in a receptive attitude.

In serious things the attitude counts for everything. One mustn't scoff.

If you look at it seriously and scientifically you'll see there's a great deal more than you suspected in all this affinity and soul mate craze, for instance.

Not that I care for the words "soul mate" and "affinity" particularly; they have been so *vulgarized*, somehow.

The best people don't use those terms any more.

Psychic harmony is the new term.

The loveliest man explained all about it to us the other day. I belong to a little group of thinkers, who take a serious interest in these things, you know.

We are trying to find out how to make

Milo

The EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE of QUALITY



If you prefer Plain Ends ask for the Milo Red Box

Cork Tips in the Milo Yellow Label Box

Portfolio Photography

What would you not give for a picture of your son or daughter or some one equally dear to you? Deferred intentions often cause regrets.

Photographic likenesses in the latest art portfolio mountings insuring permanent preservation are the specialty of Francisca Bostwick.

Your time and convenience not intruded upon.

Appointments for studio or home sittings by correspondence. Highest references.

Francisca Bostwick

19 West 31st Street, New York.

our psychic powers count for the betterment of the world. I am very psychic. Some are not.

This man had the most interesting eyes and the silkiest beard, and he said his aura was pink.

If he should meet a girl, you know, with an aura just the shade of pink that his aura is, why then they would know they were in psychic harmony.

Simple, isn't it? But then all truly great ideas are simple, aren't they?

But if his aura was blue, and her aura was yellow, then, of course, they would quarrel. That's what makes so much domestic unhappiness.

But he said something that gave me the most frightfully insecure feeling.

He said the aura *changes* its color as the soul progresses.

Two people may be in harmony to-day, and both have pink auras, and in a year hers may be green and his golden.

What desperate chances a woman takes when she marries, doesn't she?

I sometimes think life must have been a much more comfortable thing before the world got to be so terribly advanced.

But, of course, it is our duty to sacrifice personal comfort for the future of the race and the betterment of the world.

As I was looking at the bread line the thought came to me that the chief difference between this advanced age and other ages was in the fact that people to-day are willing to take a serious interest in such things.

People are willing to sacrifice themselves to-day, you know.

It is food for optimism, don't you think?

Not that I was really uncomfortable in the auto, you know. I had on my new mink coat.

—Don Marquis, in N. Y. Evening Sun.

Paper Shell Pecan and English Walnut For Zero Climates

It stands to reason that trees grown at the 43d Parallel of latitude, close to the Canadian border, with winter temperatures far below zero must possess rugged vitality, and that safety in planting is more likely to be secured with trees procured from the most northern locality possible.

Mantura Pecan

SOBER PARAGON **MAMMOTH SWEET CHESTNUT**
ONE CROP BROUGHT \$30,000. Plant for profit, for pleasure or for decoration—plant a thousand trees or a single one. A safe tree to plant in zero climates, or in hot climates. Succeeds in drought, in frost, in poor soil and upon steep hillside—the roughest of lands.
EVERY TREE WE SHIP THIS SPRING BORE CHESTNUTS LAST SEASON. We have had exclusive control of this variety since 1907, when we introduced it and sold the first trees. Every year our stock has improved, and we now have 100,000 bearing trees to offer. CAUTION—Be sure your trees bear our metal, copyrighted seal with the trade mark name "Sober Paragon."

RANERE Everbearing Raspberry

Luscious, sugary, bright crimson berries every day from June till November—a bounteous supply summer and autumn, the first season planted. The strong plants offered you for planting this Spring will supply your table this season. So profitable for market growing it is called the "Mortgage Lifter." Strong grower—succeeds in any soil—endures severest heat, drought and cold.

Our P.H. Catalogue and Planting Guide includes Nut Culture in the North, tells you how, when and where to plant. MAILED FREE on request.

GLEN BROS., Inc. 2212 Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Glenwood Nursery Established 1866

Covers a 50c. piece

Covers a 25c. piece



INSURE YOUR LUGGAGE!

Whether a brief vacation or an extended tour our Baggage Policy enables you to travel with a care-free mind and thoroughly enjoy every minute of your trip.

Costs but a few cents a day
May save hundreds of dollars

Indemnifies you against loss from fire, theft, transportation, etc., in custody of railroad, express company, steamship, hotel or clubhouse.

We are the oldest joint stock Insurance Company in America and guarantee prompt settlement. Write for full information.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
236 Walnut St., Philadelphia

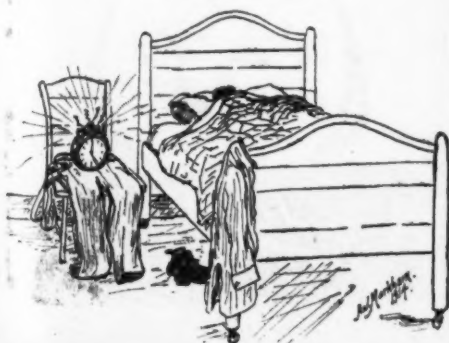
Capital \$4,000,000 Surplus \$8,500,000

The New York Fire Horse

IT appears that the horse in cities still has his uses. According to the New York *Sun* the recent snow-storms in New York developed the fact that horses were the only possible way of getting fire-engines to fires, as the automobile engines were not suitable for this purpose.

There appears to be no way of preventing snow-storms in winter, and there appears to be no immediate possibility of inventing an automobile fire-engine that will get to a fire through a snow-storm, or over banks of snow, and so the horse has shown himself to be a necessity during these emergencies.

Thus we see that even a snow-storm in a city has its uses. If it will continue to preserve for us the picture of those noble animals employed by the city doing their duty, at least it will add one more bulwark to those rapidly diminishing human sentiments which the age of modern machinery is rendering obsolete.



THE ENGAGEMENT RING

Teachers and Teaching

TEACHERS, like all other frail mortals, wish to be considered indispensable. Accordingly, it is to their interest to impose upon the neophyte and make out that there is a great deal more to learn than there really is. In pursuing this interest, teachers are apt to include so much that is unimportant about their subjects that the pupil has great difficulty in getting hold of the important thing. This is true of all teachers, of dancing, of swimming, of singing, of grammar. No group, not even college professors, is exempt from this manifestation of material interest. It is true of the scientific department, in which there is much to learn, and it is true of the philosophy department, in which there is little to learn. That is one of the reasons why it usually takes two years to do one year's work, and why so many come out of our schools and colleges uneducated.



Some Wives Don't Understand

FEW wives, however thoughtful, appreciate always the strain that business puts upon the nerves of men. When this strain is prolonged and nerve exhaustion begins to tell upon the general health, the system needs prompt help.

The grateful praise of Sanatogen, from hundreds of famous men and women, is based on its extraordinary success in feeding the exhausted nerves and cells of the system the very food they require; and on its remarkable power of instilling fresh vigor and endurance—not by mere stimulation but lastingly and thoroughly. When you consider that the letters of over 19,000 practicing physicians acknowledge the revitalizing power of Sanatogen, is not YOUR confidence justified?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in three sizes from \$1.00 up.

Mrs. Sarah Grand
Author of the "Heavenly Twins," writes:
"I began to take Sanatogen after nearly four years' enforced idleness from extreme debility, and felt the benefit almost immediately. And now, after taking it steadily three times a day for two or three weeks, I find myself able to enjoy both work and play again and also am able to do so much of both as I ever did."

Sanatogen received the Grand Prize at the International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

SANATOGEN

RECOGNIZED BY OVER 19,000 PHYSICIANS

Send for Elbert Hubbard's new book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is free. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., 24-E Irving Place, New York.

A Boat That a King Would Buy

You who purchase a motor-boat, have several considerations of a most essential nature to contemplate. Among these considerations are seaworthiness, grace of design, luxury of appointments, silence and speed. You will find these attributes developed to the maximum degree in all

Cruisers **X-CELO** Runabouts

X-Cello Runabouts are the kind that a king would choose were he a lover of motor-boating; the kind of runabouts which are built for those who desire the finest motor-boat construction in the world. They possess exclusive features;

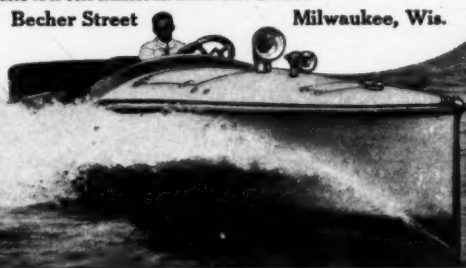
Disappearing wind shields, electric self-starters, electric lights and horns, hand buffed leather upholstery, mahogany hulls and snow white decks. The coming of the X-Celo meant a triumph in naval architecture—the construction of

The Finest Motor-Boats in the World
Descriptive folder sent upon request

MILWAUKEE YACHT & BOAT COMPANY

Designers and Builders of X-Celo Runabouts and X-Celo Cruisers

414 Becher Street Milwaukee, Wis.



A towering feather as black as night stands sentinel above this bell-crowned "Restauration".

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All the great Paris milliners are represented in the Spring Millinery Number. It has been on sale for a week—get your copy today.

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This radiant odor is now the accepted favorite of the most particular in our Social Set.

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Principles of our entire correspondence course with over 125 illustrations. 76 expressions of human face. Write today for book "How to Draw". Sent postpaid **\$1.00**
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF DRAWING.
Box 232 G. Washington, D. C.

Absolutely Necessary

THE great magnate summoned his private secretary.

"Have you attended to all the increased prices that I ordered?"

"I have, sir."

"Did you order my steel company to ask more for steel rails and other material that enters into railroad construction?"

"Yes, sir. That has been provided for."

"Has it been arranged that my locomotive works shall increase the price of engines and that my car factories shall increase the prices of freight and passenger cars?"

"Yes, sir. That also is thoroughly understood by our different boards of directors."

"Have you seen to it that my coal mines have tacked on a good, round increase in the price of coal which my engines burn?"

"Oh, yes. We have been pushing up the price of coal steadily."

"That's good. And have you arranged that my lumber companies charge me more for ties than I have been in the habit of paying?"

"Yes. Your lumber companies are charging so much for ties that your railroad companies can hardly afford to buy them."

"That's good. And, of course, you have seen to it that my banks are refusing to lend money to my railroads except at a much higher rate of interest than has prevailed heretofore."



"AH! WHO SAID 'FAT IS FATAL'?"

LATEST "Jolley" CREATION
A LATE-DEBUTANTE --- SOCIETY'S LEADER NOW!
"Leading Lady"
PARFUM
CREATED A WONDERFUL SENSATION
ACHIEVED INSTANTANEOUS FAME
JOLLEY PARFUMEUR SUPREME
NEW YORK OFFICE 320 FIFTH AVENUE
REGULAR SIZE \$5.00
TRAVELER SIZE \$2.50
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JOLLEY PARFUM ON SALE AT HIGH CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

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NEW YORK

America's Latest and Most Refined,
and New York's Centermost Hotel

Only hotel occupying an entire city
block. Vanderbilt and Madison
Aves., 43d and 44th Sts., adjoining
Grand Central Terminal

1000 rooms, 950 with bath—
Rates from \$2.50 per day.
Suites from 2 to 15 rooms for
permanent occupancy. Large
and small ball, banquet and
dining salons and suites
specially arranged for
public or private
functions.
Gustav Baumann, Pres.
John McE. Bowman
Vice-Pres.

"Yes, sir. Your banks have informed your railroads that money is very scarce and that no financing can be done except on short-time notes at high rates of interest."

"Well, then I guess we're about ready to make our next move. Have a petition prepared to the Interstate Commerce Commission setting forth that owing to the greatly increased cost of running railroads, it will be absolutely necessary for us to have a substantial increase in freight and passenger rates. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Nothing else, except, of course, to notify my newspapers to support this proposition valiantly in the name of the public and to listen to no arguments against it."

E. O. J.

A Trivial Matter

Booker T. Washington told at Tuskegee a very good story, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Old Uncle Cal Clay," he said, "invited the parson to eat Christmas dinner with him. The parson accepted, and the spread was magnificent—sweet potatoes and celery, cranberries and mince pie, plum pudding, and a turkey so big and yet so tender that the parson had never seen the like before.

"Uncle Cal," the parson said, as he



The Spirit of Service

WHEN the land is storm-swept, when trains are stalled and roads are blocked, the telephone trouble-hunter with snow shoes and climbers makes his lonely fight to keep the wire highways open.

These men can be trusted to face hardship and danger, because they realize that snow-bound farms, homes and cities must be kept in touch with the world.

This same spirit of service animates the whole Bell telephone system. The linemen show it when they carry the wires across mountains and wilderness. It is found in the girl at the switchboard who sticks to her post despite fire or flood. It inspires the leaders of the

telephone forces, who are finally responsible to the public for good service.

This spirit of service is found in the recent rearrangement of the telephone business to conform with present public policy, without recourse to courts.

The Bell System has grown to be one of the largest corporations in the country, in response to the telephone needs of the public, and must keep up with increasing demands.

However large it may become, this corporation will always be responsive to the needs of the people, because it is animated by the spirit of service. It has shown that men and women, co-operating for a great purpose, may be as good citizens collectively as individually.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Introducing to America

NICHOLLS'

Scotch Cream

Great Britain's Standard
Whiskey for 100 years

STRONG & TROWBRIDGE CO.
Sole Agents 17 Battery Place, New York

spread the clear pink cranberry sauce on a great, pearly-white, succulent slice of breast, 'Uncle Cal, where did you get this wonderful turkey?'

"Pawson," said Uncle Calhoun Clay solemnly, 'when you preached dat wonderful Christmas sermon dis mawnin', did I ax you whah you got him? Nuh, no. Dat's a trivial matter.'

—Evening Post.

"I GUESS," said the collapsed automobile tire, "what I need is a change of air."

THE Lexington-Howard Company is the sort of an organization that you would conduct, if you were a successful manufacturer. The Lexington "four" at \$1335 and the Howard "six" at \$2375 are the sort of cars that you, yourself, would build; because they include those splendid requisites that invariably make for manufacturing success. "Goodness in the goods" means vastly more than "sky-rocket" salesmanship; and the "built-in" quality and endurance such as you see in this type of motor car is not attained by "get-rich-quick" methods.

WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

THE LEXINGTON-HOWARD COMPANY
121 Main Street, Connorsville, Ind.

A Happy Marriage
Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY
(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear wholesome way in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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Crystal Spring
Old Rum

The Only Rum Bottled in Bond. Ask Your Dealer.

The "WASHBURNE" Paper Fastener of "O.K." fame. Brass, 3 sizes, in brass boxes of 50 & 100 each. Your Stationer, 10 & 20¢. Send 10¢ for sample box of 50. Yearly Sale Over 100 Million. Booklet of our 3 "O.K." office necessities Free. Liberal Discounts to the Trade.

TRADE O.K. MARK THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

PLOTS WANTED FOR Motion Picture PLAYS

You can write them. Manufacturers now paying \$25 to \$100 for each plot. We teach you how to write and sell them. No previous experience necessary. Write now for free details.

ASSOCIATED MOTION PICTURE SCHOOLS, 6749 Sheridan Road, Chicago

except at a much higher rate of interest than has prevailed heretofore."

The Ignorant Masses

The Social Uplifters, those eminent sifters

Of merit and poor people's needs,
Went down to the slums to regenerate bums,

And to do meritorious deeds.
We washed them, we dressed them, with libraries blessed them,

We prayed with those ignorant mobs—
And the wretches were hateful, and vilely ungrateful,

And said what they wanted was jobs!

Our noble Committee then searched through the city

To find all the fallen and lost;
We learned how they came to be living in shame—

This, mind you, at no little cost.
We swamped them with tracts and statistical facts,

But the creatures were terribly rude;
They acknowledged 'twas nice to be free from all vice,

But they said what they wanted was food!

They're just as God made them—it's useless to aid them,

The brutes do not ask for reform;
Intellectual feasts are all wasted on beasts
Who want to be fed and kept warm.

Let them keep their allotted positions, besotted

And blind! When you bid them advance—

Those ignorant asses, the underworld classes

Will say all they want is a chance!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reasons

THE papers have been telling us of a smallpox scare at Niagara Falls, but, of course, everybody knows the reason. It is because the people up there have not paid sufficient attention to vaccination. Nothing could be simpler. But why did they have that epidemic of smallpox on the battleship *Ohio*, where, no doubt, everybody was vaccinated to the last degree of official exactitude? When this question is also cleared up, our knowledge of what does and what doesn't prevent smallpox, and how and where and when, will be complete.

A CASCADE HIGHBALL

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT

We are offering today what we distilled and purified years ago—time has completed what we started. Result—purity and smoothness, richness and mellowness.

Original bottling has old gold label.

Geo. A. Dickel & Co.
Distillers, Nashville, Tenn.

Williams'

PAT. EN. T. D.

Holder-Top Shaving Stick

Greater Convenience—Greater Satisfaction

Your fingers do not touch the soap. You grasp it by the metal cap in which the stick is firmly fastened, rub it gently over the face, which has previously been moistened, and then return the Shaving Stick to its nickeled container.

The Holder-Top permits you to use the stick down to the last available bit with perfect ease and convenience.

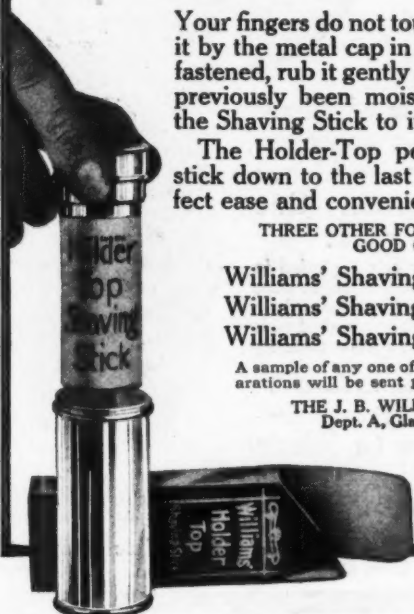
THREE OTHER FORMS OF THE SAME
GOOD QUALITY

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-Cover
Nickeled Box
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-Cover
Nickeled Box
Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

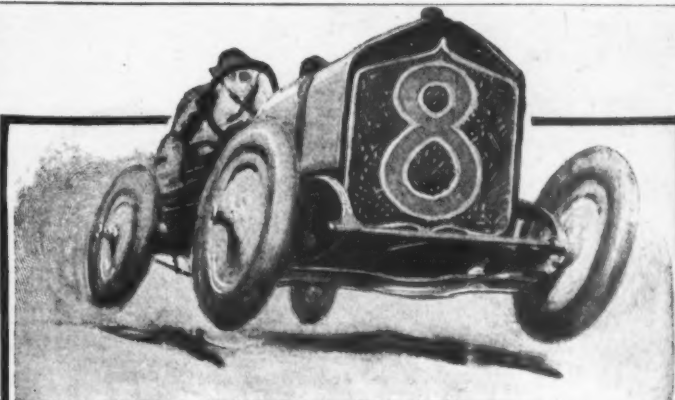
A sample of any one of these four shaving preparations will be sent postpaid for 4c in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

WILLIAMS' JERSEY CREAM SOAP and our extensive line of Toilet soaps have the same softening, creamy, emollient qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous. Ask your dealer for them.



The Dog: YOU CAN'T PUT MY NOSE OUT OF JOINT



A NATIONAL—a Prize-Winner—Equipped with Thermoid

In Emergency!

Brake lining that betrays you in time of danger is 100 per cent. perilous. Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining is 100 per cent. dependable, because it is brake lining *clear through*—not merely on the outside. Cut a strip of Thermoid open. Break open the ordinary. Compare the hearts of the two. You will see the difference.

Thermoid

HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED

Brake Lining—100%

Because it is hydraulic compressed—one hour under 2,000 lbs. at 320° Fahrenheit—Thermoid has the most uniform gripping power, wears longer, cannot be affected by oil, water or gasoline; cannot be burned out by heat generated in service; has a fixed, uniform density; is bigger value at any price—and is used exclusively on more high-grade automobiles and racing cars than all other linings combined.

Our Guarantee—

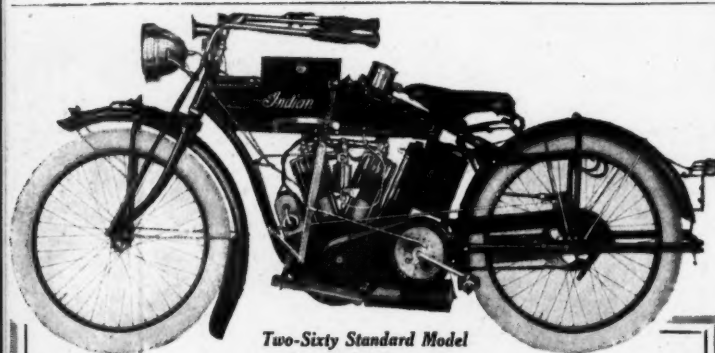
Thermoid will make good
—or we will.



THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.

520

LIFE



Two-Sixty Standard Model
 Electrically Equipped
 Price \$260 f.o.b. Factory

This Machine Gets You Out-of-Doors—and Keeps You There

MOUNTED on a sturdy, fast Indian you are in command of everything that's going on, far and near. Shore and country—short trips or long trips—the whole out-of-doors is yours when you own a motorcycle. The zest of riding with its rush of pure air—as you roll off mile after mile—gives a new exhilaration, just makes life hum with fresh delight!

What point of interest do you want to reach quickly? Throw a leg over an Indian—give a "twist of the wrist"—and off you go.

Indian MOTOCYCLES FOR 1914

are powerful and swift red beauties. All have Foot-boards, the famous comfort feature, the cradle Spring Frame and 38 Betterments. Some have electric equipment, consisting of electric head light, electric tail light, electric signal, two sets of storage batteries. Also Corbin-Brown rear drive speedometer.

Prices have been revised downward — mechanical values increased—almost every one can own an Indian with little effort.

And remember this: All Indian riders have a world-wide service always on call provided by 2,700 Indian Dealers and Service Stations.

The 1914 Line of Indian Motorcycles

4 H. P. Single, Service Model.....	\$200.00
7 H. P. Twin Two-Twenty-Five, Regular Model.....	225.00
7 H. P. Twin Two-Sixty, Standard Model.....	260.00
7 H. P. Twin Light Roadster Model.....	260.00
7 H. P. Twin Two-Speed, Regular Model.....	275.00
7 H. P. Twin Two-Speed, Tourist Standard Model.....	300.00
7 H. P. Twin Hendee Special Model (with Electric Starter) ...	325.00

Ask the nearest Indian dealer for a free demonstration. He'll be glad to talk the Indian over with you. Send for the new 32-page catalog

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Pétrole Hahn

makes the hair more glorious

The testimony of those who have used Pétrole Hahn-Vibert conscientiously, confirms our confidence in its valued properties. One New York woman writes:

"This morning as I brushed my hair I gloried in the vast improvement which has been wrought since using Pétrole Hahn and I felt that it behooved me to let you know of the wonders it has worked with my hair. I am now perfectly satisfied with my hair. I really think it is beautiful!"

You will share her enthusiasm for Pétrole Hahn-Vibert if you use it as faithfully as she did.

Sizes \$1.50 and \$1.00.
 At leading dealers

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"OH, MOTHER, COULDN'T WE GET OUR SEA LEGS HERE BEFORE WE GO ON THE STEAMER?"

Who Goes To Holland?

Travel by the FLUSHING MAIL ROUTE

Day Service via Queenboro-Flushing. Night Service via Folkestone-Flushing. Shortest Channel Crossing. Largest Steamers.

Fast Through Service between London and Principal Points in Northern and Middle Europe.

Fast Boat-trains between Flushing and The Hague, Amsterdam, Cologne, Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Bale, Trieste, etc.

For time tables, rates and further particulars apply to the American Agency of the Flushing Line and Netherland State Rys., 334 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Proper Thing

AN osteopath was arrested in New York the other day because one of his patients died, and even the Supreme Court interested itself in getting at the facts of the case. To this we voice a hearty amen, if applied to all schools. The idea ought to be adopted generally. Patients are dying under treatment of all kinds of doctors every day, and we have got into the very bad habit of assuming that death was caused by something else besides what the doctors did. This must have had a tendency to encourage the medical gentry to recklessness, but, at any rate, we have gone on sadly burying the mistakes of physicians and surgeons without the slightest effort to investigate them and hold the erring practitioners responsible. When a man dies under treatment, surely the burden of proof ought to rest upon somebody else besides the patient.



DIARY

November 12, 1813.

"It was mighty stormy last evening—too stormy for Bob and Tom to get to the tavern's fireside. Wasn't too stormy for me though—and I guess good OLD OVERHOLT RYE is company enough, anyhow!

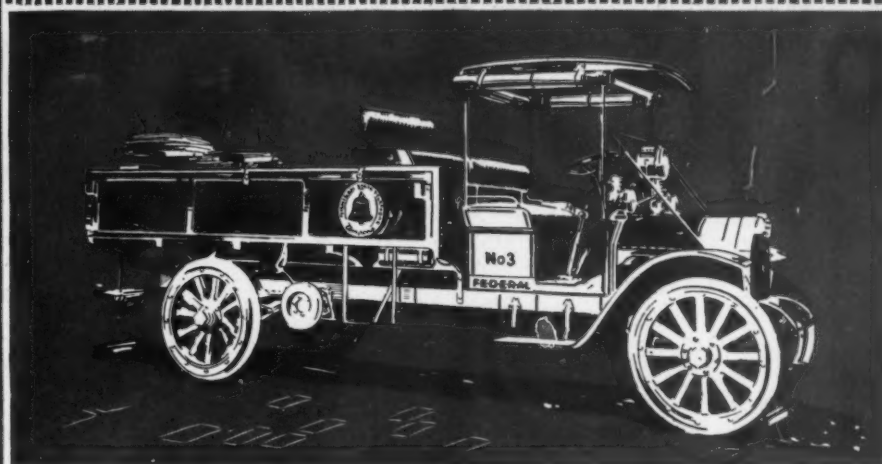
Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

has proven good company for five generations. Its pure, mellow flavor and rare bouquet make it the first choice wherever good whiskey is appreciated.

Aged in charred oak barrels, distilled and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



One of the many Federal trouble-trucks in use by the Bell Telephone System

FEDERAL

It Takes More than Money To Buy a Federal

Here are four cardinal points of the Federal selling policy, adopted as much for our own protection as for yours.

1. You cannot buy a Federal unless you can use it profitably. We will investigate your haulage problem and your present costs. The investigation must demonstrate conclusively—to your satisfaction and ours—that there is a saving in cost or a gain in efficiency, or we will not sell you a truck.

2. You cannot buy a Federal unless we are permitted, through our Traffic Department, to suggest any necessary readjustment of your routing or hauling arrangements designed to promote greater effectiveness.

3. You cannot buy a Federal unless we are prepared, through proper co-operation in your locality, to render you the most efficient service after purchase

—for without such service you would be handicapped from the start.

4. You cannot buy a Federal if a larger or smaller unit would better fit your business. In that case we will frankly tell you so.

Thousands of Federal trucks have been sold on this basis; and each year sees a steady increase in our output.

We have made a special study of traffic problems in many lines of business—yours, probably among them.

We would welcome an opportunity to investigate without obligation on your part, whether or not you can use motor-trucks profitably.

The investigation will be thorough, fair and conclusive.

Write us to-day.

Public Utility Corporations Find Much Greater Efficiency in the Federal

A large number of Federal trucks have been installed by public service corporations as trouble and repair wagons, as well as for general uses. Most of these installations were made after a thorough investigation which demonstrated to the satisfac-

tion of the buyer the inherent superiority of the Federal in the elements of durability and dependability.

We have some interesting facts and figures along this line.

Federal Motor Truck Company

102 Leavitt Ave., Detroit, Michigan

Regulating Oratory

WHAT, if anything, is being done about regulating oratory? Anyone who glances at the *Congressional Record*, or other organ of oratory, can see at once that oratory in this country is in a sadly adulterated and diluted condition. Shall this be allowed to continue? Isn't oratory too full of potentialities to be allowed thus to languish?

This is not the place to go into the subject exhaustively, but, above all, oratory should be stirring, and that is exactly what modern oratory is not. The matter has perhaps gone too far for mild correctives. An oratorical committee with large powers should be appointed, and if anything is discovered which is in restraint of oratory, it should be promptly proceeded against under any law that might be handy.



St. Moritz Lake, with St. Moritz Bad at end

ST. MORITZ ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND
6100 feet above sea
DORF, BAD & CAMPFER World-renowned Mineral
Switzerland's most fashionable resort. Springs and Baths, with
The Sport Centre of the Alps. latest improvements
Illustrated Booklets from the
SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS 241 Fifth Avenue, New York

Books Received

- Garden Oats*, by Alice Herbert. (John Lane Co. \$1.30.)
Angel Island, by Inez H. Gillmore. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35.)
Bransford in Arcadia, or The Little Dohippus, by Eugene M. Rhodes. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.20.)
Studies in Stagecraft, by Clayton Hamilton. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.)
Oriental Verses, by Bernard Westerman. (Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co., San Francisco.)
Mrs. Day's Daughters, by Mary E. Mann. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)
The Colour of the East, by Elizabeth Washburn. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.)
Exercises for Women, by Florence Bolton. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.00.)
The Wine Press, by Alfred Noyes. (F. A. Stokes Co. 60 cents.)
The Soul of Life, or What Is Love, by David Lisle. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.)
The Hat Shop, by Mrs. C. S. Peel. (John Lane Co. \$1.25.)
The Judgment of the Sword, by Maud Diver. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)
The Irresistible Intruder, by William Caine. (John Lane Co. \$1.25.)
Across Siberia Alone, by Mrs. John C. Lee. (John Lane Co. \$1.35.)
Sandy, by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan Co. \$1.35.)
Success in Golf, by Francis Ouimet. (Little-Brown Co. \$1.00.)
Sunshine Jane, by Anne Warner. (Little-Brown Co. \$1.00.)
The Substance of His House, by Ruth Holt Boucicault. (Little-Brown Co. \$1.30.)
What Men Live By, by Richard C. Cabot, M. D. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.50.)
George Borrow and His Circle, by Clement King Shorter. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$3.00.)

Most Revealing

ANYONE who wishes to think that private monopoly in the matter of telephones and telegraphs is the only way to get cheap and efficient service in this country had better not read the speech of Congressman D. J. Lewis, reported in the *Congressional Record*, December 22, 1913. It is a most revealing document, showing the United States to be so far behind the other countries in the matter of wire communication that we ought to be ashamed to look ourselves in the face. By a very careful examination of facilities and rates in this and other countries, Mr. Lewis has found that the only objection to the wonderful claims of our telegraph and telephone magnates is that they are not true by an exceedingly long shot.

Finish This Story for Yourself—

The girl got \$6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting down stairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night?

O. HENRY

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that have endeared him to the men and women of the land.

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 60,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him with love and pride our greatest writer of stories.

This is but one of the 274 stories, in 12 big volumes, you get for 25 cents a week, if you send the coupon.

To Those Who Are Quick KIPLING (6 Vol- umes) Given Away

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 179 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. You get 18 volumes, packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

Send the Coupon and you will understand why O. Henry is hailed as

The "American Kipling," "The Y.M.C.A. Boccaccio," "Master of the Short Story," "Creator of a New Literature," "Discoverer of Romance in New York's Streets," "The American de Maupassant," "The Homer of the Tenderloin," "Founder of a New Style," "America's Greatest Story Teller," "The 20th Century Haroun-Al-Rashid who takes you to every corner of his beloved Bagdad—New York."

Send the Coupon Without Money

You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and re-read and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon today. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of letters from disappointed people that made us extend it this long. Send the coupon today and be glad.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Pl., N. Y.

Send Coupon and you will understand as never before why other nations are going wild over him.

Why memorials to him are being prepared; why universities are planning tablets to his memory; why text books of English Literature are including his stories; why colleges are discussing his place in literature; why theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories; why newspapers all over the country are continually offering big sums for the right to reprint his stories.

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6-volume set of Kipling, bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit \$1 per month for 15 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise, I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

The beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For a set of this luxurious binding, send \$1.50 for 13 months.

LIFE
(3-19-14)

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of
Reviews
30 Irving Place
New York

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· LIFE ·

LONDON LIFE

Cork Tip
Cigarettes

"Most Extraordinary"

10 Cents Here
10 Pence There

By Appointment
to His Royal
Highness, The
American
Gentleman



Bazant



To school Well Fed on

Grape=Nuts and cream

"There's a Reason"